The Outlook

March 12, 1924

P. & A. Photos

Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, Chairman of the Investigating Committee in the Daugherty case

Investigation

DAY after day the newspapers have been filled with verbatim reports of questionings and of the transcripts of letters and telegrams, in the mass of which it is hard to find any significant fact. Most of what has come out from Washington has been gossip or hearsay or opinion or impressions.

Apparently recent interest in the oil investigation has been mainly in the reasons which led Mr. E. B. McLean, Washington publisher, to be unwilling to appear before the committee to testify. Mr. McLean, it will be remembered, is the man who is alleged to have been the source of Mr. Fall's $100,000, which it finally transpired Mr. Fall got from Mr. Doheny, the oil man. There were many telegrams between Washington and Mr. McLean in Florida. William J. Burns, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, testified that the code in which some of these telegrams were written was an old code of the Department. The total effect of this and similar testimony is an impression that under the Harding Administration in the departments involved personal influence affected matters in which only the public interest should control.

A. Mitchell Palmer, who acted as Mr. McLean's counsel before the committee, was the Attorney-General who decided not to appeal on behalf of the United States to the Supreme Court the decision which had turned more than $400,000,000 worth of oil over to the Southern Pacific Railroad.

His defense before the Senate Committee was that he acted on the advice of his subordinates and with the acquiescence of President Wilson in the Department's decision. Such defense in a decision of this magnitude seems to us wholly inadequate. It is particularly inadequate inasmuch as cases in some respects similar were later decided in favor of the Government. There is very good reason for believing that if these cases had been appealed these enormously rich oil lands would have been kept in Government hands.

Meantime, Mr. William G. McAdoo's name has reappeared in the testimony. It appears that his firm received $150,000 from the Republic Iron and Steel Company for intervention in a tax refund case. In the opinion of Senator Lodge, the appearance of a Government official in a case of this sort within two years after he had left the Department was contrary to law. For an ex-official to appear thus before his former subordinates, either personally or through his firm, is at least contrary to a proper sense of propriety and public duty.

Most important of all was the decision of the Senate by a vote of 61 to 1 to investigate the Department of Justice under Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty. The committee, though not named in the resolution, was chosen by vote of the Senate rather than by appointment, and in its personnel reflects the state of mind which was behind the demand for the investigation. The chairman of the investigating committee is the somewhat inexperienced and radical Senator Brookhart, of Iowa. The other members of the committee are Senator Wheeler, a radical Democrat from Montana and a newcomer into the Senate; Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, also a Democrat; and two Republicans—Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, and Senator Jones, of Washington.

In the meantime President Coolidge has appointed Mr. Samuel Knight as special counsel to bring suit to determine the validity of the leases held by the Standard Oil Company adjacent to the California Naval Oil Reserve. It is the wells outside the Naval Oil Reserve from which oil from the same basin as the oil from within the Reserve is supposed to be drawn. If these outside leases can be recovered, the oil that is left in the ground can presumably be conserved.

(C) Keystone

A. Mitchell Palmer, former U. S. Attorney-General, whose failure to appeal an oil land case has been the subject of inquiry

The Indictment of Forbes

THE indictment of Charles R. Forbes, former Director of the Veterans' Bureau, by a Federal grand jury sitting in Chicago sets the stage for the culminating act in one of the most distressing public scandals the country has ever known. Four indictments were returned against Colonel Forbes and J. W. Thompson, head of one of the contracting firms said to have been wrongfully favored in the letting of hospital contracts. The two are charged with conspiracy to commit bribery and with conspiracy to defraud the United States Government. Forbes is charged alone with accepting a bribe and Thompson alone with giving a bribe.

After the airing of the Bureau's affairs in the Senate committee, the indictment of Forbes was inevitable. A stronger presumption of guilt is undoubtedly necessary for the sort of report that the committee filed with the Senate than for a grand jury, which is not required to make certain of guilt, but only to have reasonable grounds for believing that the

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accused is guilty. When trial comes on, the traverse jury must measure by a different standard. Here guilt must be established "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Forbes will undertake to supply the doubt. Even if he fails in that, he is likely to supply a good deal of something else. Following publication of the indictment he made a statement which has much the ring of a threat. He is innocent, he says, but things were wrong in the Veterans' Bureau, due to political pressure from the outside, and he announces that he will give the names of the persons who exerted this malignant pressure. He intimates that some of them are men of large prominence in public affairs.

The public is not likely to accept Forbes's statement as at all absolving him from blame. But the public is inclined to suspect that, while the Senate committee and the grand jury may have sounded the depths of the Veterans' Bureau's iniquity, some lateral channels of the subterranean maze have not been explored. There will be keen interest in what Forbes has to reveal of men who were willing to make political barter of sick and wounded veterans.

The grand jury itself indicates that there are reprehensible records which it, because of the limits of its territorial jurisdiction, cannot investigate. A report filed with the indictments contains somewhat startling revelations of what came to the knowledge of the grand jury. Certain sums of money, says the report, were paid to two members of Congress. One or more officials of the Federal Government used official information for purposes of speculation; a file of one of the executive departments was for a month in the hands of persons having no official connection with the department; individuals accepted money for obtaining, through intimacy with officials, clemency for prisoners, and for obtaining through such intimacy permits for intoxicating liquors. This is the substance of the principal items of the report.

Which or how many of the executive departments may be involved in these things or how deeply they may be involved cannot be guessed now, and cannot be certainly known, perhaps, until other grand juries having inquisitorial powers at the places where these acts are said to have been committed are empaneled.

It was, perhaps, never thought that the Chicago investigation would exhaust the possibility of indictments growing out of the Veterans' Bureau scandal. This report, however, has probably broadened the field of further action beyond what could have been foreseen. The Attorney-General of the United States, it will be remembered, hastened to Chicago just before the indictments and the report of the grand jury were given out. Undoubtedly there were other reasons for his going, but the necessity for extended action of the Department of Justice in connection with the Veterans' Bureau cases may well have been an important part of his business there.

The Longworth Compromise

THE Tax-Reduction Bill as it passed the House of Representatives—a bill based on the Longworth compromise plan—is not a clean-cut victory for any party or faction, neither is it a complete defeat for any. The Republican organization has the satisfaction of having put through a Tax-Reduction Bill that the President will approve if it passes the Senate. The Democrats, outvoted when the Republicans united, made no serious effort to secure the passage of their own bill. They did, however, secure a number of amendments which they had championed but which were proposed, in the main, by Republicans, and the bill as a whole is much more nearly in conformity with the original Democratic plan than with the original Republican or Mellon plan. The insurgent Republicans, who never had any hope of securing the passage of their own bill, finally supported one as nearly to their liking, practically, as was the Democratic plan. The insurgents have the satisfaction, too, of knowing that by their original support of the Democratic plan they forced from the regular Republicans the compromise measure which was finally successful so far as the House is concerned. There is an element of satisfaction and, at the same time, an element of disappointment for all three parties to the battle.

There is, however, another party to be considered—the people who actually pay the taxes assessed under the bill—which may show less complacency than do the belligerent Congressional factions. The taxpayers will certainly be less complacent if once they awake to the fact that the high surtaxes demanded by the so-called liberals are going to be paid by the people at large in the form of high cost of living.

The Longworth Bill, if it becomes law as it now stands, will mean a loss in revenue for the year 1925 of $446,000,000. That is, the revenue derived will be smaller by that sum than if the present law should remain in force. The loss, as estimated by the Treasury, is made up of $130,000,000 on normal taxes, $150,000,000 on surtaxes, $90,000,000 on earned income, and $126,000,000 on miscellaneous items of internal revenue. To be deducted from this is an estimated gain of $50,000,000 on limitation of capital losses, leaving the net total loss of $446,000,000.

A loss of $323,000,000 was contemplated in the original Mellon plan. On the rates as reported under that plan by the committee, the estimated loss would have been $340,000,000. The losses under the Democratic or Garner plan would have been $559,000,000.

President Coolidge is reported to be not pleased with the compromise bill as passed by the House, but as willing to sign it as, possibly, the best law that can be secured at this session of Congress.

At the Mercy of the Senate

THE tax bill as passed by the House of Representatives now goes to the Senate, where another severe ordeal awaits it. There will be at least two dissimilar efforts likely to modify it. One of these will take the direction of trying to bring the bill nearer to the original Mellon plan, and the other to take it still farther away from the Mellon plan in the direction of the Frear or insurgent plan. The Senate insurgents may be more or less yielding than the insurgents of the House, but, whatever they may finally do, the contest is likely to continue for some time.

There is a feeling that if the Senate can succeed in putting the bill in closer conformity to Administration wishes it will be supported upon return to the House by a number of Democrats who all along wished to support the Mellon plan but were bound by caucus agreements not to do so. On the other hand, certain of the Senate insurgents are thought to be prepared to center their most determined attack of this session upon the Administration tax measures.

Something has been gained by the House action toward what the country demands in the way of tax reduction. Whether it will be carried through the Senate, through the conference committee, and through its second ordeal in the House after conference remains still on the lap of the gods.

One phase of the bill, which came in on amendment from the floor, seems par-

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What a ready tongue suspicion hath!

(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

Diogenes couldn't have gotten by with it to-day

From Margaret Clark, Columbus, Ohio

Darling in the New York Tribune

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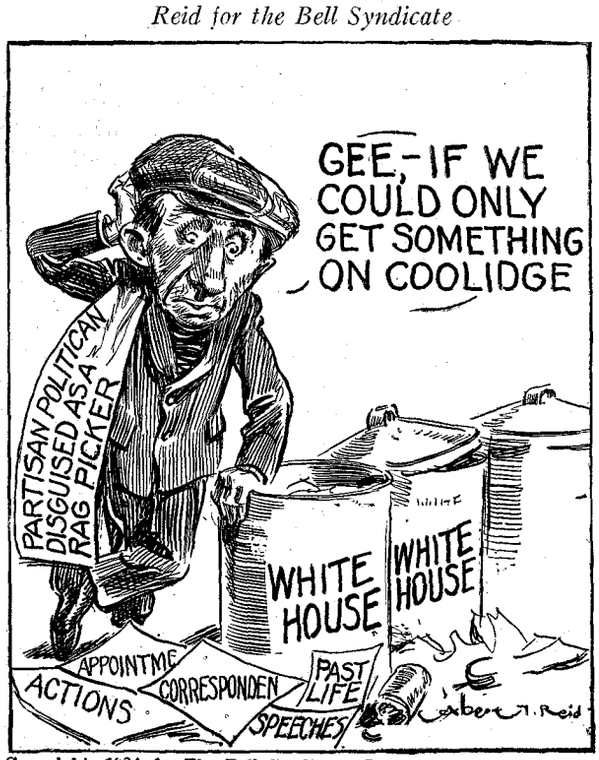
Aren't they overlooking something?

Reid for the Bell Syndicate



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Poor picking

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle

"Willie, you can't go with that patch on!"

From Miss M. E. Voorhees, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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ticularly likely to bring pressure from constituencies for passage of the law in some form. This is the provision for a reduction of twenty-five per cent on taxes paid this year on incomes received in 1923. This provision means a considerable measure of immediate relief to all taxpayers, large and small alike. Unless the bill is passed by both houses and signed by the President, this relief to the purses of the taxpayers will be of course lost. Undoubtedly a great many persons who might be willing to wait for adjustment of next year's taxes will have something more or less emphatic to say to their representatives about a plan which cuts by one-fourth the taxes now due.

A Century of Indian Affairs

THE Bureau of Indian Affairs of the United States Government is celebrating this week (March 11) the one hundredth anniversary of its creation.

It seems queer, not to say blameworthy, that prior to 1824 there was no organized Government activity looking to the welfare of the original inhabitants of the country. Both sides strove desperately for the aid of the Indians in the War of the Revolution, but the terms of peace contained no stipulation for their protection. England relinquished title to a great territory with no word for the natives. The United States assumed sovereignty in silence as deep. The red race found mention in the Constitution only in that clause "excluding Indians not taxed" from the enumeration for the purpose of determining representation in Congress.

When, finally, something was begun toward safeguarding the interests of the Indians, it came as the voluntary act of John C. Calhoun, who, as Secretary of War, felt that the American people had a moral duty in this direction. He simply addressed an order to a colonel in the Regular Army, detailing him to act as chief of a bureau of Indian affairs. Prior to that time there had been dealings with the Indians through various agents of the Government for special purposes, but these dealings had been mainly in the way of trade, settlement of little wars, and negotiations for removing Indians from lands desired by the whites.

After Calhoun's act of detailing an army officer to do what he could for the welfare of the Indians, the work went along under various names and with little money until 1849, when the newly created Department of the Interior took over the Indian welfare work from the War Department. Indian problems multiplied as the young nation expanded. Previously the Government had had to concern itself mainly with Indians east of the Mississippi River and north of Florida. Then the problem became as wide as the map of the United States is to-day. Spain had recently ceded Florida to the United States, and, with it, the problem of the Seminoles and other Peninsular tribes. Mexico, by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ended the war, ceded to the United States all that great stretch of Southwestern and far Western territory to the Pacific. In the same year—it was 1846—our title to the Oregon Territory was established and the Indians of the region now constituting Washington, Oregon, and Idaho became a moral charge upon the Government. The gold hunters were on the overland trail or coming coastwise by the far Straits of Magellan or across the Isthmus of Panama. The Indians of the whole country were, at last, in touch with the destructive thing called civilization, and the agency of the Government which sought to safeguard them had a far-flung task.

That was seventy-five years ago. The work has gone slowly. But at the end of a century of effort from Calhoun's beginning, two-thirds of the Indians of the United States are citizens. The Bureau operates 229 schools for Indian education. It maintains 78 hospitals for Indian patients and has 150 physicians detailed to reservation practice. The great bulk of Indians are self-supporting. Many of them are wealthy. More than a third of the total number, by reason of education and competency, have been released from all jurisdiction of the Federal Government. For a decade past the Indian population has steadily increased.

The fruit, late-ripening as it seems, is sound. There is a future for the Indian in the United States. Men will speculate endlessly as to what form that future will take, just as they speculate endlessly as to what the past of the Indian in North America really was. Eminent authorities will assert that he was always a savage out and out. One of the famous specialists of the Bureau of American Ethnology, on the other hand, recently asserted that the Five Nations had all through the seventeenth century the best form of government then existent in the world. The point is that whatever the Indian's nature makes him capable of he has opportunity to become in the United States.

The time has come now to consider the abolition of the Bureau that was instituted so informally a hundred years ago. Then the Indians were all distinctly dependent peoples, and needed the paternal protection of the Government. Now all the Indians are certainly approaching the stage where they should have the protection to which American citizens are entitled and none other.

Just Ordinary

THE centenary of the Indian Bureau reminds us of a story which has some application in these days. It is less of a reflection on Congress than on the voters.

A young Cherokee had been sent to Washington by his tribe to appear before a Senate committee in an effort to negotiate an advantageous settlement of a claim. A prominent Senator, examining him, suggested an effort at undue influence.

The young Indian denied it.

"But it is a fact, isn't it," persisted the Senator, "that the Cherokee nation selected you as its ablest man to come up here and influence this committee?"

"That was not the purpose," denied the Indian, "and I am just an ordinary Cherokee Indian without any special abilities."

"That does not stand to reason," said the Senator. "The Cherokees would naturally select their smartest man for a job like this."

"Now, Senator," protested the Indian, "the Cherokee Indians are just like the rest of the people of the United States—they never do send their smartest men to Washington."

New York may Retrace its Steps

NEW YORK STATE passed a Prohibition Law to back up the Volstead Act of the Federal Government, then on second thought it repealed it. The first law destroyed the old license law of the State, and therefore when the second law was repealed New York State was left without any liquor law on its books. It was Governor Smith who urged the repeal of the enforcement act (the Mullan-Gage Law). It seemed to be Governor Smith's opinion that the Volstead Act would be enforced without the aid of active State support. How any reasonable being could have expected this we do not see.

Now the district attorneys of New York State at a conference have drawn up a resolution calling upon the Legislature to re-enact a prohibition law. Of

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the conditions in New York State these district attorneys say:

> Since the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law conditions of law enforcement have grown steadily worse.
>
> Without a State enforcement act State and local officers are practically powerless in enforcing the National law.
>
> The number of Federal agents, attorneys, and courts now is wholly inadequate for effective law enforcement.
>
> In the absence of a State enforcement act, all cases must be prosecuted in the United States courts. In the State of New York there are only four United States district courts, only four United States attorneys, only 200 Federal agents. Only a Federal agent can serve a Federal search warrant or a warrant of arrest. No State or local police officer can serve a Federal warrant or process of any kind. No State court has jurisdiction over offenses against the Federal law. No State or local prosecuting attorney can prosecute violations of Federal law.
>
> As a consequence of this situation, all our Supreme Court justices and county judges, more than two hundred in number, all our sixty-one attorneys, district attorneys, and their staffs, all our 20,000 police officers, are practically powerless to apprehend, prosecute, and punish violations of the Federal law. Effective law administration requires certainty and celerity in apprehension and punishment. Now, as Police Commissioner Enright of New York declared, the efforts of police officers are practically nullified by the necessary delays and congestion of criminal business in the United States courts, of which there are only four in the entire State, as against 200 State judges. The delays in Federal administration also cause great expense and loss of time to local police systems.

The law which the district attorneys propose is urged by them, not only because it will help in the enforcement of law, but also because the failure to pass such a bill will ultimately result in a greatly increased number of Federal agents in the State. The bill which the district attorneys have drawn up is also designed to obviate what they call "a theoretical objection to the former law," namely, that it involved a double jeopardy to offenders because of the possibility that they might be convicted by both State and National Governments for a single offense. The action of the district attorneys of New York is added testimony to the fact that more and more American citizens are coming to realize that the maintenance of law and order is more important than the gratification of personal pique at the passage of a Constitutional amendment.

Helen Lowell and Louis John Bartels in "The Show-Off"

The Show-Off

THERE are some fools that the public cannot help liking because they are such complete and perfect specimens of their kind. Foolishness, and even knavery, can be so developed that it becomes something more than a burden and an annoyance. It moves over into the realm of art. The world has a kindly thought for Mr. Micawber, though he caused his family no end of suffering and would have been a bad neighbor to have within lawn-mower borrowing distance. The inflated ideals of Colonel Sellers won him the approbation of a reading public, though district attorneys charged with the enforcing of blue sky laws would not have welcomed his presence in any community. Perhaps this popular sympathy for weaknesses which do not touch us too closely explains, in part at least, the very evident appeal of "The Show-Off," now playing at the Playhouse in New York City. There are plenty of other reasons why this play should captivate the public, but perhaps this is one of them.

The hero of "The Show-Off" is a dapper young clerk with an inordinate sense of his own importance. As such people sometimes do, he persuades an attractive girl of flapperish tendency to accept him at the valuation which he has placed upon himself. Against the background of her somewhat conventional workaday family the glittering self-glorification of her husband shows off to the best, or rather the worst, advantage. What love he has left over, after he supplies the needs of his own ego, he lavishes upon her—and his affection supplies to a certain extent the need of more substantial things, such as raiment and food.

The contrast in attitude, ambition, and outlook between the various characters in the play are most successfully presented both by the author and by the company. Some critics have condemned as inartistic the fact that this young blowhard ultimately does help his more substantial relatives to secure a sizable sum of money. But the audience, ignoring the critics, as audiences frequently do, seemed to be eminently satisfied with the *dénouement*. The triumphant vindication of foolishness is not a thing too remote from the popular ambition and the popular ideal; besides, fools have occasionally fallen down wells and discovered gold mines.

Glee Clubs

ON March 1 a contest in which thirteen glee clubs took part was held at Carnegie Hall in New York City. This was the eighth New York contest, and it was won by the Yale Glee Club, which had won honorable mention last year. The recipients of honorable mention this year were Columbia and Syracuse. The judges were Walter Damrosch, Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who was Chairman of the Committee of Judges; Mme. Louise Homer, famous singer; and Gilbert W.

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Gabriel, the musical critic of "The Sun and The Globe."

In Mr. Gabriel's column of "The Sun and The Globe" on the following Monday the account of the contest was concluded with a compliment to "the judges upon the justness of their decision." This indorsement from such an authority ought to settle any doubt that anybody might have. That there were doubts when the decision was announced is certain. On such occasions there always are.

The Syracuse University Glee Club was one of two glee clubs that came to the contest a winner, for the Syracuse Club had won a contest among clubs organized in New York State. Similarly the Grinnell College Glee Club came from Iowa as a winner of the Middle Western contest.

The general opinion of those who have attended these contests seems to agree with the announcement of Mr. Damrosch that there has been marked and rapid improvement in the general quality and standard of the clubs.

Education for and in the Home

Boston University is attempting to organize a broad course of study covering the home in its many aspects. This would bring into a very practical use the vast amount of knowledge that the last few years have brought us concerning the budget, the health and training of children, heredity, eugenics, and the like. A glance at the contents of many magazines shows clearly how general has become the interest in such subjects, as well as in psychology, sociology, mental hygiene, and biology. Not only so, but very many are interested in the home as a physical thing, in the actual problems of house design, home sanitation, and even in those of interior decoration.

All these matters are to be considered in the courses planned by Boston University. Such work, to be sure, is not for young students, but for mature people, and the lectures will be given late in the afternoon or in the evening, so that parents and teachers may avail themselves of the opportunity.

Our general education rarely touches upon the vitally important subject of home-making. Some day our lower schools may decide that, after all, this subject is almost as important as any other. In the meantime such work as Boston University is instituting should be of immense interest and help to those many adults who are aware of their own ignorance.

When Unions and Universities Co-operate.

In Pittsburgh, Sheet Metal Union apprentices have begun a four-year training course at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. That is an arresting bit of news. Up to the present not much has been heard of any desire on the part of unions generally that their apprentices do a great deal of learning, nor has much been heard of invitations on the part of universities to apprentices who might be benefited by special courses.

That these particular apprentices are compelled to attend "Carnegie Tech" signifies that at least one union takes a scientific interest in its work and a pride in its quality. If all of our American unions, along with demanding the highest possible pay, should demand of their members the best possible quality of work, the unions would achieve a National approval that would mean much to them.

This Pittsburgh plan is the result of a co-operation between the union, the manufacturers, and the University. According to the agreement between the union and the manufacturers, every apprentice attached to this union "must and shall attend Sheet Metal Classes at the Carnegie Institute of Technology the last four years of his apprenticeship, or until he has finished the course for sheet metal apprentices." On their part the manufacturers have agreed to send "the apprentice to the Carnegie Institute of Technology for trade instruction one day each week from October 1 to May 1 during the last four years of his apprenticeship. The apprentice shall be allowed his regular wage while attending school."

Of course this concerns but one union in one city. One can hope, however, that it may be the beginning of a wide and general co-operation between our technical schools, manufacturers, and labor unions. Such a development would enable us to face more confidently the international industrial competition we are sure to encounter in the not distant future.

The Oxford Union Centenary

In the debating societies of the British Empire the premier position is undoubtedly held by the Oxford Union, which has just celebrated its centenary.

Its reputation is of course largely due to the fact that during its first decade a young Christ Church undergraduate named William Ewart Gladstone became one of its most active members and was elected to its presidency. Gladstone was one of the most loyal and devoted sons that Oxford ever had, and he recognized his debt not only to the studies prescribed for him by his Alma Mater and to the daily contact with other alert and ambitious minds that was offered him by the residential college system, but to the opportunity the Union provided for practice in the art of which he was afterward so unrivaled an exponent. But his name is by no means the only notable one on the society's roll of members and officers. Cardinal Manning, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Coleridge, Lord Selborne, Dean Stanley, Frederic Harrison, John Morley, Lord Goschen, James Bryce—such a list would reflect honor on any society. And it is not in obituary records only that one finds examples of the contribution that the Oxford Union has made to the public life of Great Britain. Among those taking part in the centenary celebrations this year are men with such diverse claims to distinction as H. H. Asquith, Lord Cecil, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, Sir John Simon, Lord Birkenhead, Gilbert Murray, Hilaire Belloc, and John Buchan.

The commemoration appropriately included, not only a dinner, but a debate in which both former and present members spoke. The topic selected was "That Civilization Has Advanced Since this Society First Met." One almost wishes that it were possible to summon from the shades the spirits of some of the founders of the Union and get their impressions of the changes that have passed over their own country and the world since the days when they found in the brisk discussion of contemporary politics some of the relaxation they needed after poring over Aristotle and Thucydides. Oxford itself would surely seem an alien place to them, with its addition of many modern subjects of study to the traditional "schools" of *litteræ humaniores* and mathematics; with the opening of its doors to Nonconformists, Hindus, and women; with its abolition of the requirement of celibacy as a condition for holding fellowships; and with its summer schools and extramural teaching.

Perhaps they would realize most acutely the silent revolution that has taken place in the tone and sympathies of Oxford if they could attend one of the ordinary debates of the society which they brought into existence. On January

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24 last there was proposed the motion: "That this House welcomes the advent of a Labor Government," and it was carried by 248 votes to 161, one of the speeches on the affirmative side being given by an undergraduate son of the Labor Prime Minister. From this Union vote it is clear that Matthew Arnold's famous description of the university as the "home of lost causes and impossible loyalties" now calls loudly for revision.

Friendly Notes

By their exchange of notes Prime Minister MacDonald and Premier Poincaré may not have brought the foreign policies of Great Britain and France one inch nearer each other, but they have done something which may be more important. They have expressed a new disposition in England and France to understand each other and a new spirit of co-operation.

What distinguishes Mr. MacDonald's note to M. Poincaré is its purpose apparently, not to win a diplomatic bout, but to explain British public opinion. He reports the British fear that France is endeavoring to get what she failed to get by treaty, and that her attempt is going to destroy "whatever temporary security France may gain;" that France is determined to ruin Germany and dominate the Continent; that there is danger in the large military aerial establishments of France; and that there is something wrong when France can finance other governments and yet cannot pay interest upon her loans. Mr. MacDonald recognizes the need of France for safeguards and sympathizes with the disappointments that the French Republic has suffered, and yet he says that "such popular sentiments" as he has described, "erroneous though they may be," are factors which both he and M. Poincaré must consider. He urges that they act together in removing both French and British fears and resentments. He states the case for Britain less persuasively, for he reverts to that formerly expressed idea that British unemployment is a form of devastation. Of course this is a figure of speech, and cannot be very convincing to the French, who suffered from the Germans' deliberate attempt to cripple, intimidate, and, so far as possible, to destroy their neighbors and competitors. Nevertheless Mr. MacDonald has shown a desire to be understood, which is more than Curzon ever did.

M. Poincaré's reply shows a desire on the part of France likewise to be understood. The French Premier points out that the interests of the two countries are not diverse; that the stability and durable peace in Europe which Great Britain regards as paramount will be not retarded but furthered by the security and justice which France regards as paramount. He disavows most emphatically any desire on the part of France to annex German territory or to make "fratricidal preparations" against Britain. In reply to British suspicions about France's aerial forces M. Poincaré explains simply that the French administrative and mobilization requirements do not permit these establishments to be concentrated in the East. He repeats what he has said before, that France would welcome Great Britain's adherence to the Continental "group of friendships" called the Little Entente, and he says again that the occupation of the Ruhr "will cease . . . on the day when Germany pays off her debts."

It is evident that both Great Britain and France are newly impressed with the need for giving some sign of co-operation before the Reparation Commission's experts report, especially in view of America's insistence that the Europeans get together if they wish any aid or sympathy from across the Atlantic.

Labor's Dilemma

Not only in his foreign policy but in his conduct of home affairs the British Prime Minister is walking circumspectly. It is necessary that he should do so. He has taken responsibility without commensurate power. He is the servant, not the master, of the House of Commons.

For the whole of his political life Mr. MacDonald preached the doctrine that labor should be independent of the Liberal and Conservative Parties, and, according to this principle, he ought in strict logic to have declined the office of Prime Minister until he had an independent majority in the House of Commons; but for that he was not ready to wait. When the King sent for him, he kissed hands and formed a new administration in which Socialist Ministers sit side by side with Conservatives and Liberals. Consequently, MacDonald cannot take a step in the House of Commons without the approval of Asquith and Lloyd George.

So he has had to drop the Capital Levy and the Nationalization of Mines and Railways, which were the only distinct planks in Labor's programme. Pethick Lawrence, the author of the Capital Levy, is outside the Government, and is at the moment busily agitating for what would be in effect the repudiation of the British debt to the United States.

Labor is, moreover, confronted by a demand on the part of extremists for immediate home rule in India. On the other hand, while Labor stands for race equality, involving as it does the admission of Indians to African colonies like Kenya, the attitude of so liberal a statesman as Smuts, of South Africa, is final in the negative.

Old Parties with New Names

In addition to other domestic problems, the Labor Government has to face precisely that industrial problem which confronted Baldwin.

The fact that some of their own familiar officers sit in the arm-chairs of Whitehall does not in the least reconcile the railway men, the dock hands, and the mine workers to low wages at the end of the week. The unions regard the Labor Party merely as a means to an end, and if that means fails some direct action must be expected.

Theoretically, the question in British politics is whether Britain is still to be governed by a Parliament at all or by something like a soviet. Practically, however, that question has not entered British politics at all. There is no danger of Parliament breaking down.

There has, in fact, been no change in the British Government except in names. As heretofore, there will be two main parties. The labels have changed—that is the main fact; and party labels in Britain have often changed. Puritans and Cavaliers became Whigs and Tories, and in turn these became Liberals and Conservatives; and it looks as if they should become Labor and, let us say, the Constitutionalists or Nationals. But the new struggle is only the old struggle under more modern banners. There seems to be a tendency for Labor to consolidate with the Liberals, and therefore the prospect of the renewal of the old two-party system.

In the course of that there may be readjustments of personnel. There will and must always be Conservatives. They certainly will not disappear. Winston Churchill has come out as an independent, upholding the Constitution as against the assaults of Labor. Is he going to be the new leader of the National Party? If so, it will not be the first time

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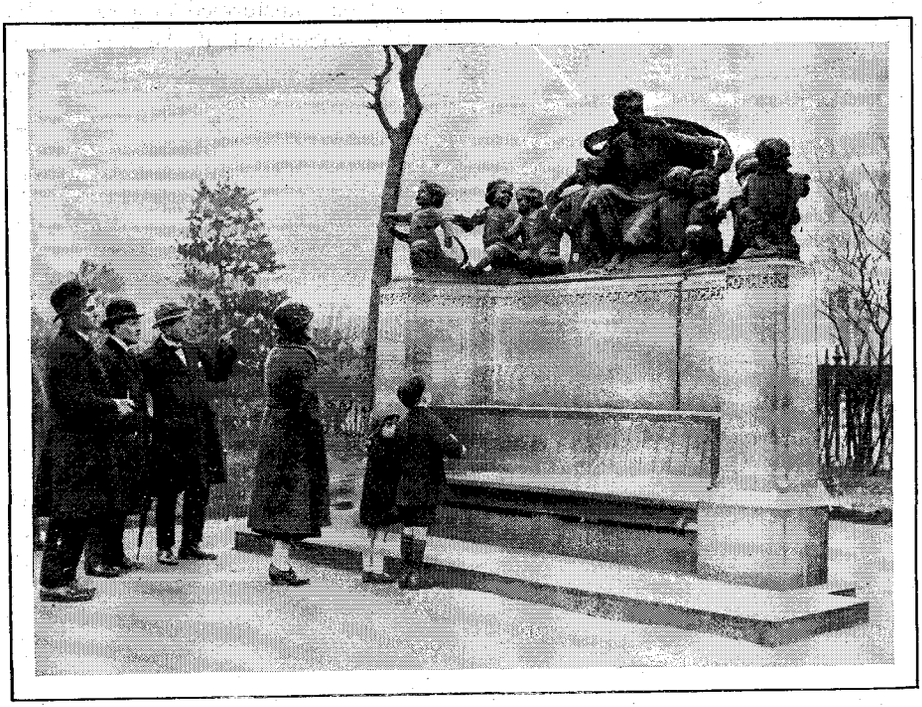

Keystone

The British Prime Minister's memorial to his wife. This interesting group represents Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald in the midst of the little children of London to whom she was devoted. Underneath is the inscription: "This seat is placed here in memory of Margaret MacDonald, who spent her life for others"

that a man of Liberal beginning led the Conservatives.

Labor and Liquor

To Americans it may seem strange that the Labor Government has failed to espouse the cause of the control of the liquor trade.

During February the most interesting subject under discussion in the House of Commons was that of local option. The bill in question applied only to Wales; but every one saw in it the possibility of extension of local option to England also. The mover and seconder of the bill were both Liberals. The first speeches condemning the measure came from the Conservative side. One of them was so funny that Lloyd George laughed till his spectacles came off; but Lloyd George was nevertheless for the bill.

From the Government front bench Mr. Rhys Davies announced the Government's approval of the local option principle, but pronounced the proposed treatment of clubs as too drastic. A good many of these clubs are really the strongest kind of ally of the liquor trade. This announcement indicated, therefore, that the liquor traffic, always behind the Conservative Party, was now affecting the new Labor Party. When Mr. Rhys Davies sat down, Viscountess Astor, from the Opposition benches, rose, pointed her scornful finger at the Labor Socialists, and declared that, while all three political parties were afraid of the power of drinking clubs, it was a special shame when the leaders of a party "put temperance in their programme and not in their hearts." Then, as our European editorial correspondent, Mr. E. F. Baldwin, reports, Lady Astor continued: "Thousands of women have voted for the Labor Party, thinking that the leaders meant what they said in their programme. But the whole country is waking up. I am backing this bill as a Conservative, but I cannot say that I have the whole of my party behind me," exclaimed Lady Astor, as the House rocked with laughter; "but," she continued, "I have the best of them." This was rather hard on her brother-in-law, Colonel Spender Clay, only a few feet away. "There are hundreds of people in my party who are waking up on the question of temperance. So I am not like John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness."

A Laborite, Mr. Johnston, then told of his experiences in his home town, Kirkintilloch, where under the Scottish act a no-license poll had been secured. As a consequence drunkenness had practically been wiped out and the police court, instead of meeting throughout the week, met only once in ten days.

When, however, Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in closing the debate, declared, in approving the bill, that some of the proposals had been advocated by his party for many years, there was an outburst of dissent from the rear seats of Labor ranks; whereupon the tiny Chancellor remarked that there were evidently some of the Labor Party who were "not quite familiar with the official programme."

When the vote was taken, it was seen that the issue cut across all three parties. Each of them seemed to be equally divided on that question. It was, says our correspondent, a curious spectacle to see two processions each made up apparently of equal numbers of Conservatives, Liberals, and Labor-Socialists.

Though the bill was rejected by a vote of 229 to 201, the vote shows that local option has a greater chance of success than it ever had before.

A Chance to Make Yourself Heard

IS the next campaign to degenerate into a mud-slinging contest? Are there no principles and policies for the American people to determine?

The Outlook believes there are such principles and policies, and that the people themselves should have a voice in determining them. It believes that the voters should make their opinions heard before party platforms are drafted and before politically minded platform committees have a chance to decide these questions on a ground of pure political expediency.

The Outlook has drawn up a questionnaire covering many, if not all, of the real issues confronting the United States. It is going to ask its readers, who constitute, we believe, a very representative cross-section of intelligent American opinion, to pass upon these issues. There will be room in this questionnaire for men and women of every shade of political opinion and of every party affiliation to present their positions clearly and succinctly. We believe that the results of this questionnaire published in The Outlook may influence the construction of the platforms of at least the two major parties.

The discussion of the questions which The Outlook will propound ought to serve as a valuable means of educating the public in the real issues of the coming campaign.

If any groups of individuals desire extra copies of our questionnaire, we will be glad to send them on request. They can be used as the subject for discussion by granges, local labor unions, chambers of commerce, and women's clubs. The Outlook will be more than

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glad to co-operate with any group which desires to study closely the problems that must be raised in the coming campaign.

We hope that our readers will make the discussion of our questionnaire, which will be published shortly, a family affair. School-children and students will find the questionnaire, we believe, a valuable contribution to their interest in their classes in current events, and they ought to have a chance to thresh out their doubts and beliefs before the family hearth (or the family electric heater). In clubs, offices, factories, or on the farm, there will be ample chance to study the questions which we raise.

The more promptly The Outlook's platform ballot is returned to The Outlook after its publication, the greater the chance that it will influence the action of the conventions. We hope that none of our readers will miss the opportunity of presenting their views to the public through the medium of The Outlook's questionnaire. It will be published in a very early issue.

Giant Power

IN the course of mastering the world in which he lives man at times has lost mastery of himself. Machinery, coupled with steam power, ought to have, apparently, brought to mankind nothing but the benefit of relief from the drudgery that was taken over by the machine; but instead, the early years of the age of machinery brought to millions of human beings unprecedented misery. The story of the struggle with the machine is really the main part of the history of England throughout a large part of the nineteenth century.

Colossal as the increase of man's power over the forces of nature was at that time, it is small in comparison with what lies in the future. Men of imagination and of engineering skill see in earth and sky and water power which man has not yet learned how to employ. Is the employment of that power going to bring the world new misery or is it going to bring a new emancipation?

The answer to that question depends upon the degree to which future developments in the use of power are anticipated. If these developments are foreseen, power will not be a master of man, but his servant. If they are not foreseen, power will become a new source of privilege for the few and of wretchedness or enslavement for the many.

It is for this reason that we heartily welcome the appearance of the March number of the "Survey Graphic," which is devoted to an intelligent and, what is equally important, intelligible consideration of this giant power.

What is most significant in the whole treatment of the subject is the fact that it is approached from the point of view of those who are to use power. What one gets from even a rapid examination of the articles is a mental picture of a new and improved human society. That picture will become a reality, however, only as men plan, not merely for the development of the power, but for its use as a human benefit.

Already communities in Canada, as Mrs. Martha Bruère describes them, have somewhat anticipated this mental picture of social improvement. There are communities where industry is freed from smoke and grime; where the population is distributed so that families have ample room, because the power is distributed; and where the farmer and his wife and family find life on the farm civilizing because power from the harnessed waterfall has been brought to the farm to do the heavy work, to cook the meals, to light the buildings, and to banish isolation without depriving human beings of the light and the air and the freedom of country life. The question that stands at the head of Burton MacKaye's article, "What shall we do with our power when we get it?" is the most important question with which those who are conjuring this new magic will have to deal.

It may surprise many people to realize that this giant power is nothing essentially new. All that is new about it is the development in the art of power transmission. Most of the power transmission, so far as those who write of it in the "Survey Graphic" can see, will be, not from mysterious regions of the sky or even from the falling water of the streams, but from our old familiar servant, coal. What is to happen, if the prophets of science are right, is that the coal will be transformed into electricity in the neighborhood of the mines, and then that electric power is to be sent over a wide territory in every direction. Not only thus will power be made available where it is now unknown, but those constituents of coal itself which now go to waste as burned in furnaces and in locomotives will be saved and put to use—the by-products for thousands of uses.

There will be as a consequence what are called "pools of power"—reservoirs, so to speak, which can be drawn on and can be used jointly. As Governor Pinchot says, "every independent power plant with its distribution wires is a pool of power," but such pools will in the future be reservoirs upon which territories covered by power lines extending over hundreds of miles in every direction can draw.

If this giant power is to be controlled and used for the benefit of the people at large, there must be a development of public opinion concerning the Government. Apparently not all, perhaps not many, anticipate a great extension of Federal control over the reservoirs from which this giant power is to be drawn; for there is already a movement under way which will enable groups of States to co-operate in the control of power which knows no State lines. Nevertheless public opinion must learn to look upon this giant power as something which is bound to test the might of the Federal Government. Water power is already under Federal law; but the far greater power of coal remains largely outside of the Federal Government's control. There is ahead of us in this country many a year of further education on the subject of true conservation.

In this March number of the "Survey Graphic" men of such National reputation as Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, Governor Smith of New York, Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, Secretary Hoover, and Henry Ford, such a distinguished Canadian as Sir Adam Beck, such a well-known American engineer as Morris L. Cooke, such an authority on Conservation as Mr. Wells, formerly of the United States Reclamation Service, such administrators as Mr. Philip Cabot, the well-known utility operator, and Mr. Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, and such an experienced student of social affairs as Mr. Robert Bruère contribute by articles or, in the case of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Ford, by interviews to the discussion of this large sub-

The Prize Winners

in The Outlook's contest on

What the Church Means to Me

will be announced in the issue of March 19

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ject. Mr. Paul U. Kellogg, editor, and his associates are to be congratulated on the service they have rendered in their treatment of this subject.

Power is the test of character. Kings and generals have fallen because they have been unequal to the power they have wielded. What is true of individuals is true of nations also. It depends upon the character of the American people whether this giant power which is to be harnessed for them is to be their undoing or a means to new liberty and life.

The Veterans' Bureau

FOR months, yes, years, people have known that all was not well with the Veterans' Bureau. It has been common talk that hospitals were located in unfit places, that insane patients were housed in fire-traps, that incompetent officials were retained and competent officials driven out of the service under the administration of Director Forbes. Anxious and patriotic men and women who sought a remedy for the situation through pointing out specific evils of administration were put off with excuses and sometimes lied to. Those who appealed to President Harding against the decisions of Brigadier-General Sawyer and against the treatment which they received from Director Forbes were denied any redress. President Harding stood behind the decisions of General Sawyer and, at least until a few months before his death, seemed to have an unbounded faith in the administrative virtues of Director Forbes. Congressmen and Senators, with a few notable exceptions, seemed to be more interested in the location of hospitals within their districts and special favors to individual voters than in broad principles of reform.

But this was not the most depressing feature of the situation. There has been, and still is, a general lack of public interest in the misdeeds of the Veterans' Bureau, and this lack of interest is made doubly obvious by the flaming indignation of the country over the oil scandal.

It is hard to understand why a nation which rises in wrath over a possibly disadvantageous oil contract which was perhaps secured through improper inside influence should fail to be disturbed over the positive robbery of the life and happiness of thousands of ex-soldiers whom the Government had pledged itself to guard and protect. Possibly the indictment of Colonel Forbes, reported elsewhere in this issue, means the beginning of the end of Governmental indifference. If at the same time it signalizes the end of public indifference to the outstanding scandal of our time, there will be real cause for rejoicing. The press of the country must bear its share of the blame for its failure to arouse the people, but the people themselves cannot shift from their shoulders all the onus for the suffering which has been the result of their failure to keep watch and ward over defenseless defenders.

The Ruhr and Reparations

By RAYMOND POINCARÉ

Premier of France

A Statement Secured by The Outlook's European Editorial Correspondent, Elbert Francis Baldwin, and Cabled to The Outlook on March 4

THE policy directed by me for two years with Parliament's approval and the country's assent has had no other aim than to reserve and maintain the Allies' rights to reparations from Germany and assure future security to France. Since the peace signature Germany has not ceased trying to gain time, appealing to our spirit of conciliation through our successive renunciations and through moratoriums partially accorded to her. She ended by declaring herself no longer in condition to fulfill her obligations, leaving entirely to us the charge of reconstructing the regions devastated by her. During all this period she has practiced a financial and economic policy making her visible wealth disappear without attacking the integral value of her resources.

It was indispensable to put an end to this situation, to bring the full light of day to bear upon fraudulent maneuvers which were as contrary to justice as to the interest of European peoples. It was indispensable to permit nations tested by the ordeal of war to guide aright all together the work of economic and social reconstruction without which the world's peace cannot exist.

That is why France and Belgium have had to occupy the Ruhr. Every one understood that we had no covert ambition for hegemony or annexation, that we were solely seeking to obtain from Germany her acceptance of the burden assumed by us in her place for repairing damages voluntarily caused by herself. Anyway, she finally concluded by realizing herself that it was more advantageous to her to pay her debts than madly to insist on absurd and ruinous resistance.

Certain Germans estimate that the decline in the French franc's value may cause gentler treatment of Germany by France. Having directly contributed to the fall of the franc, German bankers now reveal their aim. But they do not reckon right. France will show herself as firm as ever, insisting on reparations as they have been established. This principle once settled, France will, on the other hand, co-operate in methods of payment, as in general economic restoration, by conciliatory measures.

The French Government's action, and it only, has brought about the meeting of committees of international experts, in which we place great hope. If a satisfactory solution for us, and acceptable by us, of present problems is at last reached, it will be due to the persevering efforts of France and Belgium, to their firmness as well as to their moderation.

In these committees we are specially pleased to have the co-operation and precious counsel of America. In 1917 the arrival of the Americans in Europe changed the situation. It is the same in 1924.

I gladly seize this opportunity offered me by The Outlook to present these views to the American public. It knows how both to appreciate the spirit of the decision made necessary by circumstances and to honor justice.

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Oil, Mud, and Tom-Toms

Special Correspondence from Washington

By STANLEY FROST

WE Americans might as well prepare to live from now till election day in an atmosphere filled with oil and mud and reverberant with drums. Political Washington has settled down to a Presidential campaign devoted chiefly to proving that the pot is blacker than the kettle, or that it isn't—such a campaign of vituperation as has not been known for more than a generation. Constructive legislation and constructive issues are being more and more ignored while statesmen grub in the muck-heaps for missiles. Unless all signs fail, the noisome mess which has been uncovered so far is only a small sample of the spectacle to come.

Evidences of this programme of muck-raking appear on all sides. Senator Heflin, whose welkin-ringing abilities and perfect partisanship have given him the place of Democratic prosecutor, has announced it on the floor of the Senate.

"The Senator from West Virginia [Mr. Elkins] suggests that he understands that we have Mr. Mellon next on the rack," Heflin declared. "Well, he is mighty good meat. The Senator suggests that Mr. Weeks is next in order. He is fat too, and would make nice pickings—both of them. Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Weeks, Mellon—call the roll! Who is it in this Administration can stand up with clean hands and say, 'Turn on the light'? Who is it?"

In private and unofficial conversation this programme is told in more detail. Daugherty is by no means the end of the business, though one political leader explained frankly that the Daugherty case will be kept running right through the campaign, as an open sore to drain the Republican strength and to prevent President Coolidge from gaining whatever political advantage might come from getting the Attorney-General out of his Cabinet. But along with this there are promised attacks, not only on Secretaries Weeks and Mellon, but on Work, Hoover, and Hughes.

Pot and Kettle

THE Republicans will answer in kind. McAdoo, Daniels, Palmer, and Gregory have already been brought under fire. Others are in line.

"By election day both parties are going to be thoroughly discredited in the minds of the public," one veteran Republican politician said to me. "The Government has been pretty rotten for some years—one side as bad as the other. The war-time steals were as outrageous as anything since, but the thieves then managed to escape under cover of patriotism. If the Democrats were as bad as that under the leadership of so clean and high-minded a man as Wilson, you can imagine what they'd do if they got in again under any of the kind of leadership that the Democratic party has in sight now. They'd simply steal the Nation blind! The only hope is that when it comes to a choice the people will realize that with Coolidge as a leader and with a lot of house-cleaning done the Republicans will be safer than the Democrats."

In line with this pleasant prospect of a choice between rotten apples, politics is more and more crowding out the original purpose of discovering and punishing evils in the Government. This political control of the situation is inevitable, of course. The trouble had its origin in politics, when the Republican party abandoned the policies first adopted under Roosevelt and allowed the Old Guard to come back to full power. There are immense political questions involved, and great possibilities of political advantages to be gained. It would be fatuous to hope that in a Presidential year the situation could be handled by any one for a moment in a non-partisan spirit. It might be hoped, indeed, that, in view of the great public interests which are also involved, the politics might be kept decent and fair, with actual improvement as an ultimate aim. But it has already been demonstrated that even this hope is futile.

Decent and fair politics would aim at uncovering real evils, and only real evils, so that public confidence might not be disturbed more than is necessary. It would try to place the blame for them where it belongs, driving the men responsible from public life, if not actually into cells, and establishing a better standard. It would have in it enough statesmanship to recognize that the public interest would not be helped by manufacturing imaginary evils and crimes, or by throwing the blame for real misconduct on the wrong shoulders, or by confusing judgment through insisting on different standards for one's associates and one's opponents. It would have something constructive to offer as a safeguard against future debauchery. It would try to be more trustworthy than its opponents.

There is plenty of ground for politics of this kind, for the evils that have been developed can hardly be exaggerated and the need of reform is tremendous. But there is already much evidence that few men in either party will attempt this kind of politics. There is, for example, a general tendency to ignore some very real evils which have already been disclosed, but are of comparatively small political value, since the public did not get excited about them. There is increasing danger that other real evils which reflect on members of both parties more or less equally will be left alone by common consent. It is noteworthy that the recent demands for investigations have come from "progressives."

On the other hand, there is more and more willingness to attack public men for things which are not wrong, but which may be made to look wrong to an inflamed and indignant public. This is the worst of counterfeits. Men who are angry and excited, as the American public has every right to be just now, do not sift evidence nor weigh values carefully. Certain politicians are busily trying to make capital of this spurious imitation of real uncovering of evil, as witness the violent efforts to involve President Coolidge in the oil scandals.

The Voice of the Tom-Toms

EVEN worse is the flagrant effort to substitute clamor and confusion for reason; to beat the tom-toms as the Chinese used to do before a battle, to keep the public inflamed in order to prevent clear thought or accurate judgment. Spokesmen for both parties are more and more substituting accusation and innuendo for facts or definite charges, and are forcing a situation in which each party will clean up as little as possible, since every effort in that direction is instantly magnified into an admission of complete guilt in matters not in any way involved. Denby's resignation is a case in point; it has already been cited to prove that he was guilty of everything under the sun, that both he and the President are cowardly, that the whole Cabinet is corrupt, that the public has turned completely against Coolidge, and Heaven knows what not.

This situation imposes on the observer in Washington—and on thoughtful people throughout the country—the duty of very careful discrimination and of painstaking analysis. There will be little help toward this from most political leaders,

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for, as has been pointed out, many on both sides believe that confusion will help them. But unless opinion can be kept unclouded there will be small hope of real justice, real reform, or sound political judgment in the coming election. In this and the following articles, then, an effort will be made to keep the distinction clear between five different kinds of charges which fill the air. These are: proved facts, inferences from them, unproved accusations, distortions, and plain misstatements.

It is a fact, for example, that ex-Secretary Fall received $100,000 from Doheny, to whom he leased valuable oil lands, and that lies were told to cover up the deals. It is an inference from these facts that the leases were the result of bribery, and therefore that they were against the public interest. But these inferences are not necessarily correct. It is possible that the two transactions had nothing to do with each other; also, that, if there was a bribe, it was merely to insure that the leases went to Doheny instead of to some one else, and that the leases were, as many honest and well-informed men still believe, extremely valuable for the Government. Careful thinking requires that the difference between the facts and the inferences be kept in mind, although Democratic politics desires that the whole lot be accepted as proved, and Republican politics has apparently decided that it is better tactics to make no defense on this point, at least till the public temper is cooler.

There is no need of citing instances of unproved accusations. The papers and the "Congressional Record" are full of them, and every speech of almost any politician will supply plenty. What should be noted is the demand that mere accusations be accepted as facts, and the attempts to put the burden of proof on the accused men, in defiance of the usual rules of justice. Senator Heflin, for instance, after a series of charges for which he offered no proof, wound up recently by saying, "If that is not a fact, call witnesses and prove that it is not a fact." Few spellbinders state this position so frankly, but the same attitude shows through half the current oratory.

Congress Dodges Responsibility

Distortion of both facts and inferences is probably natural to men straining for political advantage. One notable case is the effort of various Senators to show that Congress was not responsible for the policy under which the oil leases were made. Senator Walsh has taken great care to draw a distinction between the general Federal Leasing Act and the amendment to the Naval Appropriation Act of 1920, which specifically authorized the leasing of the Naval reserves. A careful inference is left that this authorization was sneaked through Congress. Yet the record disproves this. The authorization was asked in writing by Secretary Daniels, was considered in committee, was twice brought to the attention of the Senate, and was amended on the floor. It will only be by inducing the public to believe a distorted story that Congress can escape full responsibility for the policy followed. This, of course, is apart from the merits of any particular case.

Flat misstatements are probably rare and are hard to prove. One has apparently been shown recently in Senator Wheeler's accusation that Daugherty and Doheny were close friends. He presumably made the charge in good faith, on information furnished. But with the air so full of accusations for which proof has not yet been given the error is a sharp warning to suspend judgment until proof does appear.

Added to this outspoken confusion are the whispered rumors. Washington is always full of whispers, and few indeed ever prove true. In a case of which I have personal knowledge a careful agency investigated eight distinct rumors about a recent President, without finding the least basis for any of them. The experience of Mr. Vanderlip gave a new warning on this score, yet the rumors circulate with all their old facility and nastiness. Just at present they differ in two ways from the usual kind; there are more charges of graft than has been the case for years, and enough have proved true, so that they are given more attention than is customary. But it is safe to say that at least ninety per cent of them are quite false, and that complete skepticism toward them is the only safe attitude.

Another element in the mental fog is confusion as to standards of conduct and degrees of guilt. The charges which have been made include actual graft, use of official information for personal profit, the use of friendship and influence both in office and after leaving office, incapacity, and laziness. There is plenty of effort to lump all these together, to visit the same condemnation on each, and to make equal political capital out of them all. There is equal effort to justify most of them on occasion.

In addition, there is a constant fire of accusations by inference, in which no actual charge of any kind is made. A set of facts, or partial facts, is stated in such a way that the public is left to draw a conclusion which the speaker would not dare specify. One such recent performance was the argument against the Mellon tax plan on the ground that it would reduce Mr. Mellon's own tax. The inference suggested, of course, is that Mr. Mellon drew his tax plans for his own benefit, and therefore for the benefit of rich men and to the hurt of the rest of us, but no one risked stating that inference as a flat accusation.

There are many inferential accusations of this kind being made, and it will be noticed that most of them rest on certain class prejudices which have been cultivated in recent years for political purposes. One is the belief that anything that is good for a rich man is, for that reason alone, bad for every one else, regardless of justice or good policy. This, of course, is the chief basis of the attack on the Mellon surtax rates, and one of the chief counts against the oil leases is that Doheny would have made money by them. Other such suppressed premises are that any encouragement of business, assistance to a friend, even personal success in business by an official, are all in some obscure way betrayals of public trust.

Undoubtedly each of them might be this, but undoubtedly none of them is necessarily wrong, and equally undoubtedly each at times is right, desirable, and laudable. The safe basis for judgment—and it will need to be called into action daily during this campaign—is to demand that every accusation be made specific, and that it be shown in each case just what harm has been done.

Several serious evils resulting from this wild beating of the political tom-toms are already apparent. The first is that it is confusing all the issues that the oil scandals have raised, and thus prevents effective remedies for those and for other evils. The question of crime will be taken care of by the courts, and further removal of the oil will be stopped. But far more essential than these things is the formulation of a sound policy in regard to the oil reserves. Certainly the country will not be benefited by leaving the oil under the Naval lands till it is drained out by private companies. Equally certainly it will not be good policy to prevent all use of oil lands. There is grave doubt whether the Government itself could pump the oil to advantage. Every distortion, every added confusion, makes it more likely that these questions will be settled by indignation and partisan expediency rather than on their merits, and that therefore they will be settled wrong.

The politics of the situation is also hampering, if it does not completely prevent, attempts to take advantage of the present public interest in Government to clean up other plague spots. There are a dozen scandals in Washington, some of them of long standing, which are hardly being touched, simply because there is no political advantage to be gained from

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them, since both parties might be equally besmirched. Shipping, prohibition enforcement, income-tax collection, Veterans' Bureau, the Reclamation Service, the war frauds and lack of prosecution against them, the sale of influence—the list is a long one. Some of them will doubtless be aired, but the overshadowing control of the whole situation by political considerations is preventing effective exposure and will prevent sound judgment.

No Room for Thought

Perhaps most serious of all is the fact that politics has practically driven constructive thought and the chance of constructive legislation out of sight. The Senate is a slow-moving body at best, even when it devotes its entire time to legislation. Now it is spending day after day in purely political debate, having no value whatever except as it may affect the coming election. Almost no actual work is being done. The great bulk of the product of this session so far has been a series of resolutions and authorizations for inquiries, most of which have stump speeches for preambles and political hopes for their objectives.

Another evil is the danger, already mentioned, that innocent men will be hurt, that reputations will suffer unfairly, and, finally, that public confidence will be destroyed far beyond what is right by "revelations" of things which may look bad to inflamed minds, but are actually blameless. Some of this has already happened, as in the cases of Secretaries Lane and Garrison. Much more is still "under cover," and may be brought out at any moment.

Two cases may be mentioned. One has to do with a high public official who owns stock in a bank which made loans to a firm accused of defrauding the Government. There is no evidence that the loans had anything to do with the alleged frauds, no evidence that the bank officials knew anything about the frauds, no evidence that the accused official ever heard of the transaction at all, and, finally, there is not full proof even that a fraud was committed. Yet this is being held in reserve as a valuable piece of ammunition.

Another case has to do with a speculation in oil stocks. Several members of the Administration and of Congress bought the stock on a tip from a high—and greatly trusted—official. The company involved had nothing to do with any of the big oil interests, nor any possible dealings with the Government; the information regarding it could not have come from a Government source, since there was no Government contact; the official's position had no possible connection with any business interests; finally, the information proved wrong, and every one lost money, some very heavily. The official, who is a rich man, felt that he was to blame for misleading his friends, and very decently repaid those who would let him. Yet, since it was a "deal in oil stocks," it could be made to look bad if properly handled and denounced with enough show of virtue. To name the men at this time would therefore be a grave injustice, yet some politicians are trying to get the story published, and others are afraid to prevent it because of the political danger that they will be accused of suppressing the facts.

Still another evil is that the unfairness of much of the hue and cry is terrifying decent officials. Since every act of theirs is likely to be maliciously misinterpreted and misrepresented and unfairly condemned, they are becoming afraid to do anything. If men who have been clean and efficient public servants to the limit of their ability—and, after all, the majority of public officials are such—can be besmirched or driven from office by a sufficient reiteration of unproved accusations, then the safe thing for decent men in office is to do nothing, and the safe thing for other decent men is to keep out of office. And if a record for success in private life is to be held to unfit a man for public service because it has earned him money or given him business contacts, then we shall be driven to depend for our public work on briefless lawyers, unpracticed doctors, and business incompetents. Naturally, there are a considerable number of politicians who would like to have this standard established.

The case of Attorney-General Daugherty perhaps illustrates more of these evils than any other. There is hardly a man in Washington who does not believe that Daugherty was unfit for the office in the first place both by training and temperament, and that his resignation could properly have been demanded at any moment on these grounds.

But the present attack is quite different, based on very different charges. He is accused of a share in the oil scandal, of corruption, and gross malfeasance. The resolution demanding the investigation is a political document, the committee named in it was "packed" against him. The main attempt of the Senators, except in the case of a few men like Senator Borah, was to drive Daugherty from office by sheer noise, and so to score a point, not for good government, but against the Administration. It is unlikely that there was much desire on the part of his accusers to be called on to prove their charges. Most of these are the same that were made in the impeachment proceedings a year ago, and it was impossible to prove them then. There is no talk now of impeachment, which would require a fair trial on the evidence and clarify the whole situation. That would be poor politics.

And the whole matter has become one of politics. Good government has dropped out of sight. A high-grade Attorney-General was never more badly needed, yet Daugherty's resignation before the charges are tried would be taken as admitting much more than is probably true, would establish the precedent that the Senate could browbeat the Executive, and would encourage the attempt to run the Government by clamor. So politics holds him in office, just as politics seeks to drive him out. Politics has brought about a situation in which there is no "right side."

Public policy demands that such a situation be ended as quickly as possible; that Daugherty be tried swiftly and then retire, as he will do when his trial is over, whether anything is proved against him or not. Instead we have the expectation that the case will be prolonged indefinitely for political effect.

This dragging out of the various cases to the utmost is probably the surest test that can be applied to the sincerity and public spirit of the men behind the investigations. The interests of justice and good government call for turning each case over to trained investigators and prosecutors as soon as cause for action is shown. They can handle any case far better than is possible to the lumbering and partisan committees, and the committee members could then get back to their legislative duties. Politics alone will make it expedient to keep every scandal in the limelight and subject to infinite inflation by gossip and innuendo as long as possible, and the politically minded leaders will consider one everlasting inquiry better than a dozen actual reforms. Moreover, it has been proved that it is only in the courts that the difference can be shown between actual facts and political ballyhoo.

There remains one chance that the mud-slinging and drum-pounding contest which is now planned may be stopped before election. Politicians are sensitive to public opinion and will change their tactics whenever the public tires of a man-hunt conducted on the basis of insinuations and distortion, and demands real reforms confined to the very real evils which exist. That time has not yet come, probably because the difference between sham and true reform has not yet been made clear. The real statesmen in Washington, who are hoping for permanent improvement as a result of the oil scandals, are watching eagerly for it.

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A Survey of

Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries — Loaned by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

John S. Sargent at work in his studio, depicted by his own brush

A REPRESENTATIVE exhibition of the paintings of John S. Sargent is being held (till March 22) at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York City, for the benefit of the Endowment Fund of the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association. To those who regard America as something more and better than a hive of materialism it is distinctly encouraging to note the success of this exhibition in attracting many thousands of visitors. As further evidence to the stranger or the preoccupied resident that New York City recognizes the significance of the occasion, it may be noted that the Fifth Avenue omnibuses carry a single conspicuous advertisement, that announcing the Sargent Exhibition—and it is carried free!

We present herewith comments on this great American artist from three well-known critics:

Charles Caffin, in "Masters of American Painting:" "Sargent has his grip upon the actual. . . . Like a true painter, he sees a picture in everything he studies. It gives to each of his canvases a distinct æsthetic charm; grandiose in some, ravishingly elegant in others, delicately quaint in a few, but all of them variously characterized by grandeur of line, suppleness of arrangement, and fascinating surprise of detail."

Royal Cortissoz, in "Art and Common Sense:" "In the light of the long procession of portraits which he has put to his credit, it seems to me that if there is a living painter in whose interpretations of character confidence can be placed, it is Sargent. His range is apparently unlimited. He has painted men and women in their prime and in their old age, and in whatever walk of life he has found them he has apprehended them with the 'seeing eye' that is half the battle."

John Van Dyke, in "American Painting and Its Traditions:" "Genius alone can account for the remarkable content of his work. . . . If the man himself is cosmopolitan, his art is not less so. It is the perfection of world-style, the finality of method. . . . To say of Sargent that he observes rightly and records truly is to state the case in a sentence."

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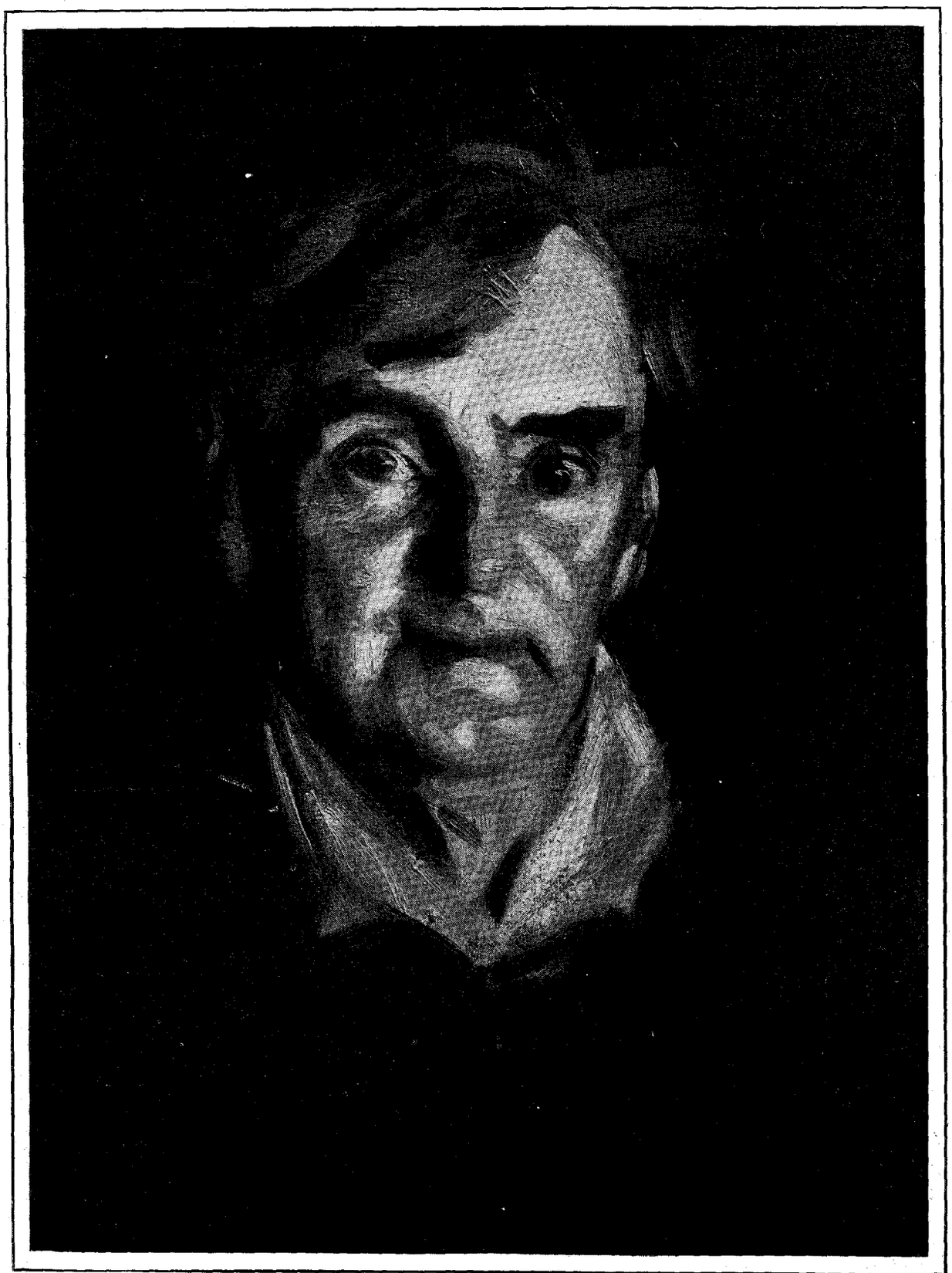
Sargent's Career



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

Loaned by Mr. Sargent

Portrait Head of Joseph Jefferson

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What Porto Ricans are Worrying About

By CAROLINE DAWES APPLETON

What of the future of Porto Rico? Some of its history and much of its hope is vividly presented in this brief article

THE story goes that once a Queen of Spain trailed her velvets and her retinue across hot sands to the Spanish coast and paused, making angry little clucking noises with her tongue while she gazed westward, out to sea. Alarmed for her sanity and uncomfortably warm, her nobles protested. But she still stared at nothing at all, balancing upon her pointed toes and shielding her eyes with a jeweled hand. "Tut! tut!" said the Queen. "Tut! Bring me a spy-glass!" It was brought, a heavy, brass-bound, piratical affair, and some fourth cousin to her Majesty sustained her while she peered. "Tut!" said the Queen, angrily; "nothing!" "What does your Majesty seek?" begged an aged grandee, hopping on the blistering sand. "My Puerto Rico!" raved the Queen; "for which you fools do annually appropriate one-half my revenues. Those walls and castles, barracks and fortifications, should be pearl-studded and touching the sky, they cost so dear!" Whereafter her Majesty went home and banished all her treasurers, who promptly went to Puerto Rico and took up crown grants—no poorer, at least, for their exile. They and the adventurous Spaniards already perched and happy in their strange new island garden, an oasis in a watery desert, laid the foundations of a fabulous little nation whose wealth and poverty, culture and illiteracy, whose health and pitiful infirmities, are to-day molded together in a manner strangely at odds with modern principles of civilization.

At the time of the American occupation an incident occurred that should have wrung tears from that long-dead Queen. A group of Porto Rican scholars, men of an old-school sense of tradition and symbolism, banded together their sons and the more favored of their retainers, and went out to the old wall of San Juan, which with El Morro and San Cristobal had cost her Majesty so dear. There, with picks and shovels and scholarly hands severely torn, they tore down a great section of that wall, and with poetic address proclaimed the act a welcome to America, to progress under new forms of government and the "bright sun of education, free and fair as our tropic sun and more life-giving." This is rather more than a graceful gesture. The conquest of the island was practically bloodless. The inhabitants were not in a state of terror—there was no ogre to be appeased with poetic offerings. The act was engaging in its simplicity and welcome. As a key to the by no means simple problem of Americanizing 1,300,000 Spaniards by merely waving a flag over them it has greater worth.

After some twenty years of anonymous enterprise under the American flag, Porto Rico has been designated an "Organized Territory;" this by an opinion of the Supreme Court, handed down by Chief Justice Taft. As such Porto Rico is distinguished from Hawaii, for example. Hawaii is an "Incorporated Territory," and in that capacity contributes by taxation to the Federal Treasury. Porto Rico does not. By becoming an Incorporated Territory, which is the aim of a political faction, Porto Rico would relinquish three-quarters of the revenues by which the insular Government now makes appropriations for public improvements —schools, hospitals, roads, sanitation, etc.—and without which any sort of progress in the island's development must cease.

By generally classing together the insular possessions of the United States as presenting one problem, or even similar problems, there is small justice to any of them. By rough comparison, Porto Rico has half the area and five times the population of the Hawaiian Islands.

A continuation of the present form of government and the extension to Porto Rico of certain Federal laws and statutes which aid the States from the National treasury are the request of the commission of Porto Rican legislators now in Washington. This commission is headed by Governor Horace M. Towner, formerly of the Insular Affairs Committee of the House, before which these representations are made and whose presence with the delegation implies its non-partisan, non-independentist character. Governor Towner does not believe that any even considerable element in Porto Rico desires independence.

"I do believe, profoundly," said Governor Towner recently, "that even in the difficult hill country, where roads do not penetrate and where poverty is bitterest in its toll of sickness and ignorance, the Porto Rican's two great aims are health —that is, food—and knowledge. He *must* eat and he *wants* to learn!"

By continuing the already effective industrial systems in Porto Rico, the food question is more easy to solve. The native is making a slightly better living wage, and by recent labor legislation is better protected against having that taken away from him. The extension to Porto Rico of the Federal Farm Loan Act has done much. It has aroused a new energy, new interest in a scientific, intensive form of agriculture, and a keen sense of gratitude towards American institutions generally. This should encourage the extension to Porto Rico of other Federal laws; that, for example, which assists State governments in road extension, and a maternity and infancy act, which would operate to reduce the serious percentage of infant mortality in Porto Rico; the extension of a vocational education act also is urged by Governor Towner.

In twenty years the percentage of illiteracy in Porto Rico has been reduced about one-third. The figures would challenge any State in the Union. But illiteracy is still the bar to Porto Rico's dream of Statehood. At the time of the American occupation there were between eighty and ninety per cent of the population who could neither read nor write. This suggests a general aboriginal state, whereas the whole lovely little island is a fantastic scheme of paradox. The cities, or towns, clustered about the church, the drug-store, and the plaza, where the bands play by night and romance looks over the top of a fan, have always had their men of learning—small groups, but excellently endowed, representing all the sciences, all the professions.

The *jibaro,* who rides the plantations of coffee and tobacco in the rich, fertile hill country, wields the *machete* of the cane-fields or tends the deep groves of citron fruit on the coast, is not an aborigine, but he knows nothing, certainly unless it is by divine inspiration! But his ignorance is guileless. Crime in Porto Rico is practically unknown. The *jibaro* tills the soil under a gentle, rather pleasant feudal system, as his grandfather labored for the forebears of the present land baron. Constitutionally he is unfit for heavy labor. Anæmia, hookworm,

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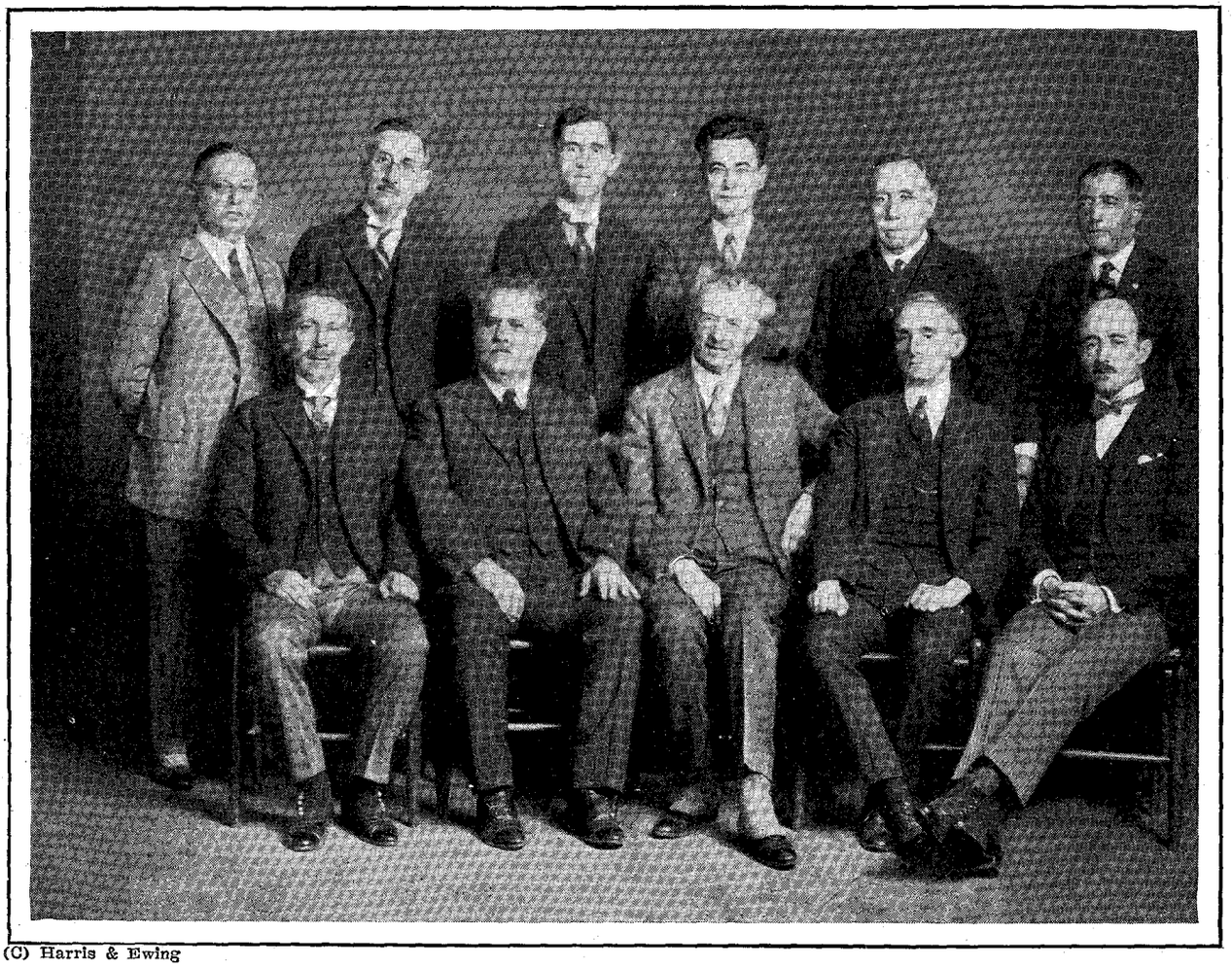
tuberculosis, malaria—all these have found culture ground in his undernourished system, but great strides have been made in the last decade towards lifting the load of disease. There have been heroic clinical work and weary research and experiment by both native and continental American doctors. The *jibaro* is largely descended from a Castilian strain blended with that of the dignified *nytainos*, the native Indian, whom the early Spanish colonizers made useful in storing the treasure for which they very willingly forsook the tempers of an exasperated and economical queen and a whole kettle of intrigue that endangered life, limb, and property.

American institutions of overnight growth are already a part of a structure peculiarly the island's own. The American is not held to be an interloper or a conqueror, but a "continental," in whose eyes the Porto Rican American desires to appear at his best—ambitious, progressive, and alert. American business principles, chambers of commerce, clubs, industrial associations, and labor unions are as fixed in the Porto Rican structure as the schools, which, although inadequate to meet the demands of some four hundred thousand children of school age, are nevertheless extraordinary. The city schools are architecturally superb and efficiently administered by both native and continental teachers. The Porto Rican child carries a heavy load in this generation, when he must speak and think in two languages, respecting both for the due honor of race and past and the hope of the future. In the hills the little schools operate in two shifts a day, in a brave attempt to treat with hungry, big-eyed little *puerto-riquenos* who climb perilous hillside trails each day and return to a thatched roof of banana leaves, a diet of rice and beans and plantain, and a pair of meager, genial parents, who have been greatly inconvenienced by their absence from "small jobs," but who are courteously optimistic of these new and strange processes of development—an education whose immediate material advantage it is hard for them to see. It is asking much of these people to expect them to be even more grateful for an even worse state of affairs. Yet affairs will be worse, much worse, unless the island receives some help from the home Government.

The commission now in Washington, made up of all those conflicting political elements which have had an unfortunate publicity during the past three years, are curiously in harmony. The three parties which picked the bone of contention are represented by their actual leaders and amicably, unitedly present a simple claim to Washington. Its simplicity gives pause to idle speculation. They present a record of progress and development of which any State, Territory, or colony might be proud; they ask a continuation of the present form of government, and some assistance from the National treasury towards public improvements that are necessary to continue that progress, and, as a final aim, a dream of ultimate achievement, they present themselves as aspirant to Statehood—to the star in the flag.

"The island just now is poor," said



(C) Harris & Ewing

The Porto Rico Delegation to the United States

Seated, left to right: Jose Tous Soto, Senator; Antonio R. Barcelo, President of the Senate; Horace M. Towner, Governor of Porto Rico; Felix Cordova Davila, Resident Commissioner of Porto Rico; Miguel Guerra Mondragon, Speaker of the House
Standing, left to right: R. Cuevas Zequeira, Senator; E. Gonzalez Mena, Member of the House; Octavio Jordan, Senator; A. Lastra Charriez, Member of the House; Santiago Iglesias, Senator; Rafael Alonso, Member of the House
Other members of the delegation who are not shown in this photograph are: Enrique Bird, Jr., Member of the House; Richard J. Van Deusen, Secretary to the Governor; Frank A. Martinez, Secretary to the Delegation

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Governor Towner recently, in addressing the Insular Affairs Committee in Washington. "The insular Government is already overtaxed and inadequate to meet the actual physical and spiritual needs of the people. These people are American—made so by our own act. It is not to our credit that they are still, half of them, unable to read and write."

Across the island, climbing cool hills and winding through deep, humid valleys, is the old Spanish military road. Old Spanish bridges and viaducts span small streams and deep ravines filled with bananas and giant ferns. The hills and roadsides are rich in the common palm, with here and there the graceful *Palma real,* aloof and lovely. Here the early Spaniard left a legacy to an unknown generation: along that road for many miles at once he planted shoots of the flamboyant tree which in spring paints a streak of scarlet across the island. Tenting the road and carpeting it with brilliant flowers, the flamboyant tree to-day is the full flowering of a very old dream of loveliness, of forethought for the unborn generation who might travel that road. No *jibaro* who has lived and hungered all his life in the very heart of so much beauty but will point it out with dimmed eyes and tell you that, if there are other lands, as you say there are, they are not like this one.

These people are prepared to meet help with personal sacrifice and struggle. They cannot stand still. Without help they must go back. It is not a principle of our Government to permit a possession to deteriorate, to retrograde, in any degree while under its active administration.

Clear Sight

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

It is still now; the world has gone away
And pride and pain and valor have gone too;
And I can hear the things my soul would say,
Quiet with silence and the feel of you.

Not evil now. You have no will to wound me,
There is no twisted darkness in your eyes;
Steady and kind as if you knew me dying
Against my empty hand your dim hand lies.

That hidden part of all you were, that loved me,
Bends in the silence grave and comforting. . . .
Oh, fortressed far in your unhappy laughter,
Take pardon, by this hour, for everything!

A College that Lives Out of Doors

By GEORGE MARVIN

Pessimists should read this article. Optimists will, anyhow. It is an article to make the older generation sit up and take stock of themselves. It is an article to make the younger generation wonder why their elders are so worried about them

As Mr. Conrad has written, "O youth!"

Youth unperplexed, level-eyed; youth on tiptoe with life, uncomfortable, expressive; youth of the open air and the hills and the sky; youth of the north, meeting winter face to face with a smile.

In a hollow of the white-blanketed golf links a group of spectators are gathered round the finish of the cross-country ski race. Forty minutes or so ago, at intervals of three minutes, the contestants departed one by one and disappeared into the landscape. You can see the track they made, leading away up grade to the right and over a shining crest of snow into the dark pines. It looks like the track of one man, but twelve swift-moving youths trod it on skis a while ago, legs and arms moving rhythmically, each dedicated figure solitary in the expanse of white. There, to the left, on top of the hill a quarter of a mile away, is a small blood-red blotch between spreading white and arching blue. The crowd eyes it expectantly. It is the last course flag which marks the place where the runners will reappear at the end of their five-mile journey, with only a coast before them from the summit to the goal marked by two skis stuck up on their ends about ten feet apart.

The crowd centered round those upstanding skis is of various ages, but unanimously and obviously young. It is composed in nearly equal numbers of young men and young women. Ten years ago any one of those young women would have drawn a crowd or started a riot in any self-respecting New England community. Now she *is* the crowd, and the community of her and her young men respect themselves hugely. They matter enormously to themselves and one another. Nothing else matters much, for youth absorbs, ignores, the rest and justifies its attitude. The riot is a riot of color. Every color, all colors. While waiting for the ski-runners a contest goes joyfully on up and down the prismatic scale. Under the sanction of "sports

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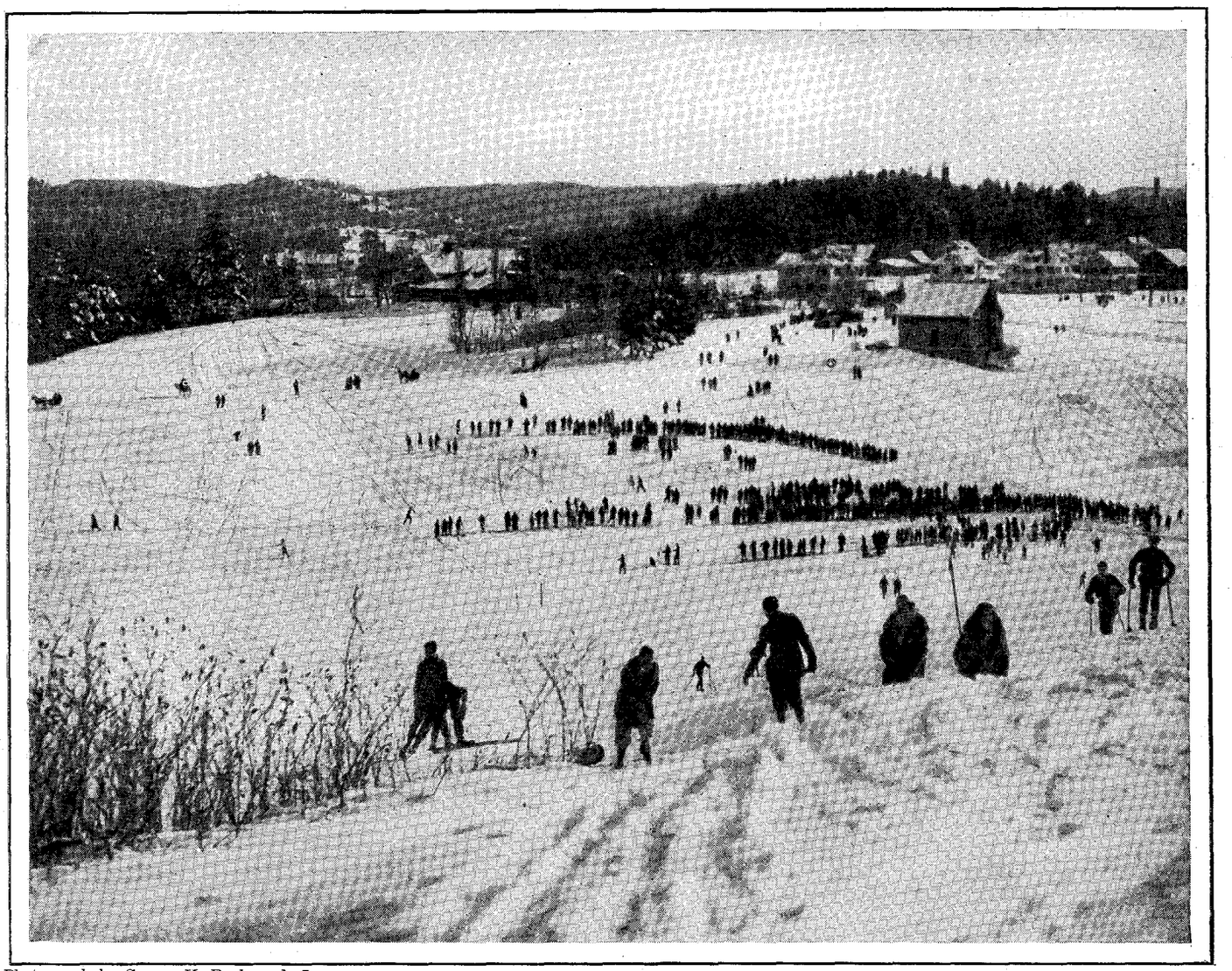

Photograph by George H. Rockwood, Jr.

Snow-shoe and ski dashes at the Dartmouth Midwinter Carnival. The hills and fields and woods for miles around are traced with ski tracks of a college that lives out of doors

clothes," every girl's imagination has had its fling in tam-o'-shanters, mufflers, sweaters, stockings—every dye that wool will take, with here and there a sheer challenge of salmon pink or lavender, blue, or yellow.

"We wish you to look pretty and warm, not expensive and cold," thus runs the Carnival folder issued by the Dartmouth Outing Club to its eight hundred feminine guests. And the sisterhood have taken this advice to their hearts and improved upon it.

Their hosts are almost as kaleidoscopic as their guests. Bareheaded—no Dartmouth undergraduate wears a hat except for some special purpose—in enormous thick flannel shirts of red-and-black, blue-and-black, green-and-black plaids, clothes that are warm but not bulky, appropriate to their purpose and becoming to strong bodies, these youngsters seem representatives of another and a different race from the somber dwellers in cities. Fully half the crowd, men and women, are on skis or snow-shoes. Among them move contestants waiting, besweatered, for later events; the bright red of McGill collegians from Montreal mixing with the purple of Williams, blue of Yale, crimson of Harvard, and the green of Dartmouth most in evidence, matching the New Hampshire pines. Near the goal skis stands a group of men with broad green ribbons across their shoulders, all themselves on skis. These are the judges and time-keepers, every one of them a member of the Faculty. But where have you seen such professors? Brown outdoor complexions, sure-footed, with the voices of guides, older brothers of the rest, young in mind and body.

Now a murmur, then a shout. Over the hill past the red flag shoots the first man home. Not content to coast, he runs and shoves himself still faster with stabbing motions of his two light ski-poles, made of bamboo. Through the goal he flashes and stops, panting, beyond. Five miles he has conquered, up and down hill, through forests, across frozen brooks—five miles in forty minutes over deep snow. Unexhausted, he smiles and shakes hands. No such face and figure were ever fashioned indoors.

"O boy!" he says.

In the language of his fellows, he said all there was to say.

"O youth!" as Mr. Conrad says.

"EDUCATION," says the College President, quoting Bagehot, "is the impact of youthful mind on youthful mind."

He looks the personification of the idea he expresses. It is ten o'clock Saturday morning, and he hasn't been in bed. Dissipation? No, conservation. He sat up with the Carnival ball until 6:30 A.M., and his administrative duties began before nine. He is not tired because, at forty-five, he a young man; thinks young, lives young, believes young. He is just as responsible for his college dancing in costume through the night once a year as he is responsible in their daily recitations for the two thousand boys committed to his oversight. Those boys are loaned to the College, he believes, in trust; and that trust means a twenty-four hour day on the part of the trustees. The mere definition of the President's job, as he understands it, spells youth. "It is the day of the young

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man in education" because no "old" man is up to the requirements of a twenty-four hour day. Well, that's Hopkins. "Hoppy," the College calls him.

The President will tell you that it takes courage to keep on being a college. The modern trend is all towards specialization. The big foundations and bequests go to the graduate schools of universities. "University" sounds more than "College." But stop a moment. Which connotes more; which is the greater undertaking? To cram the minds of scholars and fit technicians for particular professions, or to make men fit for the business of life? The trend is, or has been, decidedly towards the former conception of higher education. It is the day of the specialist, and under strong material influences venerable institutions have sold their college birthright to become universities. The burden of proof rests upon those who cling to the old idea of a liberal education. Nevertheless the alumni, who support this institution without outside assistance, are backing the President in his determination to keep Dartmouth a college. It is their idea no less than his. Blotting-paper scholarship—that absorbs all and gives back little, acquisition without growth—the President believes is just as great an offense against the common weal as some phases of "oil," and more insidious. And so he, and the trustees, and the alumni, but, above all, the Dartmouth Outing Club, carrying out their idea of what a college ought to be, send the whole College out of doors.

The Dartmouth Carnival, held at Hanover every winter immediately after the mid-year examinations, is merely the culmination of an outdoor year. Dartmouth both invites and coerces its personnel out of doors. The small element of compulsion, which has ceased to be felt, lies in the College requirement that every undergraduate must take some form of physical exercise two hours a day for at least three days in every week of the college year. In early autumn and late spring the undergraduates automatically join the rest of the active world out of doors every chance they get. But a long hard winter shuts down on the upper Connecticut, and the hills of Hanover are white from November until April.

And yet, frost-bound, the state of mind in this Northern college is, not "if winter comes," with its implied suspension of life until the spring which here can be very "far behind." Something had to be done about winter for its own sake. Other communities turned the key and locked it out, occupying themselves with indoor pursuits as captives make the most of their confinement. The community at Hanover was too full of young life for that. Fourteen years ago, organized as an Outing Club, it went out and met winter face to face, and found it a rugged friend in priceless days and nights, forever changing in unimagined beauty, bringing great gifts. That's Dartmouth.

THE adherents of Oscar Underwood and William G. McAdoo have already presented to the columns of The Outlook the case for their favorite candidate for the Presidency. In an early issue the case for

Hiram Johnson

will be presented by Eustace Cullinan, an ardent supporter of the Senator from California

COLONEL ANTON DIETTRICH, bareheaded and in dark-gray blanket clothes, slips along on his skis without effort, talking with a marked accent. His face is that of a great musician, but for twenty-seven years he overcame the snows of Europe, and now, expatriated by the Peace of Versailles—although a Transylvanian, he won't be a Rumanian—he earns his living teaching Dartmouth how to live more abundantly on skis. Rumanians are his enemies, but mountain-tops are his friends. He is a Ph.D. of the out-of-doors.

"In Hungary," he explains, "we care more for the journeying than for the jumping on ski. Few jump there; many, many travel—in the hundreds of thousands over Europe, and more every year. Twenty-five years ago there were not 400 ski-runners on the Continent—that is not to say Scandinavia, of course—and the railways now in Austria-Hungary make the week-end schedules for those who will go with ski for the snow places. Why is it that your railways make never arrangement for the people's sports? Ah, yes, for the football game. But that is only spectacle. Why not for the people for themselves to enjoy the exercise in the open air? This is the great thing that is new in your country, except here, maybe, in Hanover and one or two other places, to adventure over the snow. It makes every one to become a different man. You enjoy more the sun and the air than all this bootlegging and varnished girls. It is the best way of going in winter-time. It makes the long months good for journeys, some long, some short. It matters nothing. It is pleasant just to go on ski. The winter should not be a dead time. With the skis you make it alive. See here, how you can tell the story."

From the top of the hill, looking down on the frozen Connecticut and the distant college town, the story told itself—the story of the ski. Everywhere, over the hills, through the glades and valleys, in and out of groves of pines, across the river, ran the trails; meeting and parting, intersecting at right angles or meandering in parallel lines, converging towards Hanover and recording the excursions of many hundreds of shuffling feet—for you half trip, half shuffle, along on these eight-foot wooden shoes. Here and there ran arterial tracks leading to common destinations, narrow and well-defined because, over the snow no less than in moral and spiritual ways, it is easier to tread where other feet have trod.

Over on the golf links many small figures were darting down and slowly "fish-boning" up the slopes. In the still air of sunset their calls and laughter came faint but clear.

"Those," said the Hungarian, "are the children of the Faculty and all the neighborhood, out there every day, the great ski-jumpers of to-morrow."

SLEIGHS, actually; one would think hundreds of them, their bells jingling old-time Christmas sounds in the frosty air. Obsolete box-sleighs drawn by big furry farm teams, sometimes a pair, sometimes four-in-hands, crowded with Carnival coming back from the Vale of Tempe, where the intercollegiate championship has been won by Dartmouth and a boy from New Hampshire College has broken the record for the new ski jump.

The roads are alive with bells jingling homeward in the crisp twilight of a day too short. In the quiet sky, from which a good-by of rose has just faded, the young moon rides high, with the evening star beside in the old immemorial way, and along the ancient façade of Dartmouth Hall the carnival lights begin to twinkle out, reflected in the ice of the skating rink in the middle of the campus. The big sleighs arrive one by one at the corner by the Inn, each discharging there a tireless cargo bent upon the evening's festivities.

As one particularly articulate boat of a sleigh rounds into the elm-lined quadrangle with all four horses at a trot, a girl shakes clear from the buffalo robes, stands up, and, resting one hand on the gunwale, vaults clean over into the snow.

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A bareheaded boy in a big fur coat vaults after her as she starts off running.

"Hai!" she calls back, in a voice that makes the bells sound flat—"Hai! Tea!"

"Yea!" shouts the boy, overtaking her, "and open fire, too!"

As Mr. Conrad has written!

Two old grads, '86 and '87, are sitting in the smoking compartment of a sleeper on the Carnival Special bound back to New York from Hanover. Each has been during four days the guest of his undergraduate son. The body of their car and most of the other fourteen sleepers on that train are full of tired guests, preponderatingly feminine, in varying stages of retirement, but the old grads, being mere men and mid-Victorians at that, come last in the order of berth.

"Yes, we missed an awful lot in our time," says '86, chewing his cigar meditatively. "Remember how we used to shut ourselves in about Thanksgiving time every year and hibernate all winter?"

"We stuck indoors till spring," agreed '87, "and then, when the weather opened up, there was always an epidemic of colds, everybody blowing his nose and sniffing. Morning chapel was one big cough. Blessed if I heard a cough up there this time except my own, and that bareheaded bunch going around insufficiently clothed! And, what's more, I didn't see a drink."

"I did, though, or rather I heard about one drunk. Very amusing case. It seems there was this rich graduate back for the Carnival, and he got tight on the stuff he brought up with him and went round to his own fraternity house to celebrate. There's a sort of gentlemen's agreement, I understand, between the various fraternities and Prexy that positively no drinking or carousing shall go on within their gates at any time, let alone Carnival. Well, the boys reasoned a long time with this old soak and, finding him unreasonable, kindly but firmly put him out in the snow. Worst of it was, this particular member had contributed a large part of the funds which built the house he was thrown out of, and he naturally resented what seemed to him both injustice and ingratitude. He addressed the outside of the house *vi et armis* and with a good deal of language; but it did no good, and finally two of the boys took him home and put him to bed. This morning he came around and apologized. I like that. It shows the sportsmanlike relation between Prexy and the undergraduates. He seems to have made them realize that it is their party as much as, or more than, his own, and that it is up to them to take some of the responsibility for having things go clean and right when the College is at home."

"Lord, what a change from our time! What? We used to think in '87—I guess it was the same through the nineties too —that if a man couldn't stand up and take half a glass of whisky straight (I mean a tumbler, and no chaser either), without tears in his eyes or choking, he was no man. Now they prove it differently, outdoors, and they're so full of health and fresh air they don't need artificial stimulus the way we visiting firemen think we do. Eh, what?"

"You're dead right. My boy walked thirty-five miles with a pack on his back from his camp over the mountains last summer to see his mother and me at Plymouth. He turned up at breakfast, fresh as a daisy. Hit our vicinity pretty late the night before, and, instead of waking us up, calmly slept outside with nothing but a thin blanket for cover. Would you believe it? Said he'd rather sleep out, when it wasn't pouring down rain, than in any stuffy hotel."

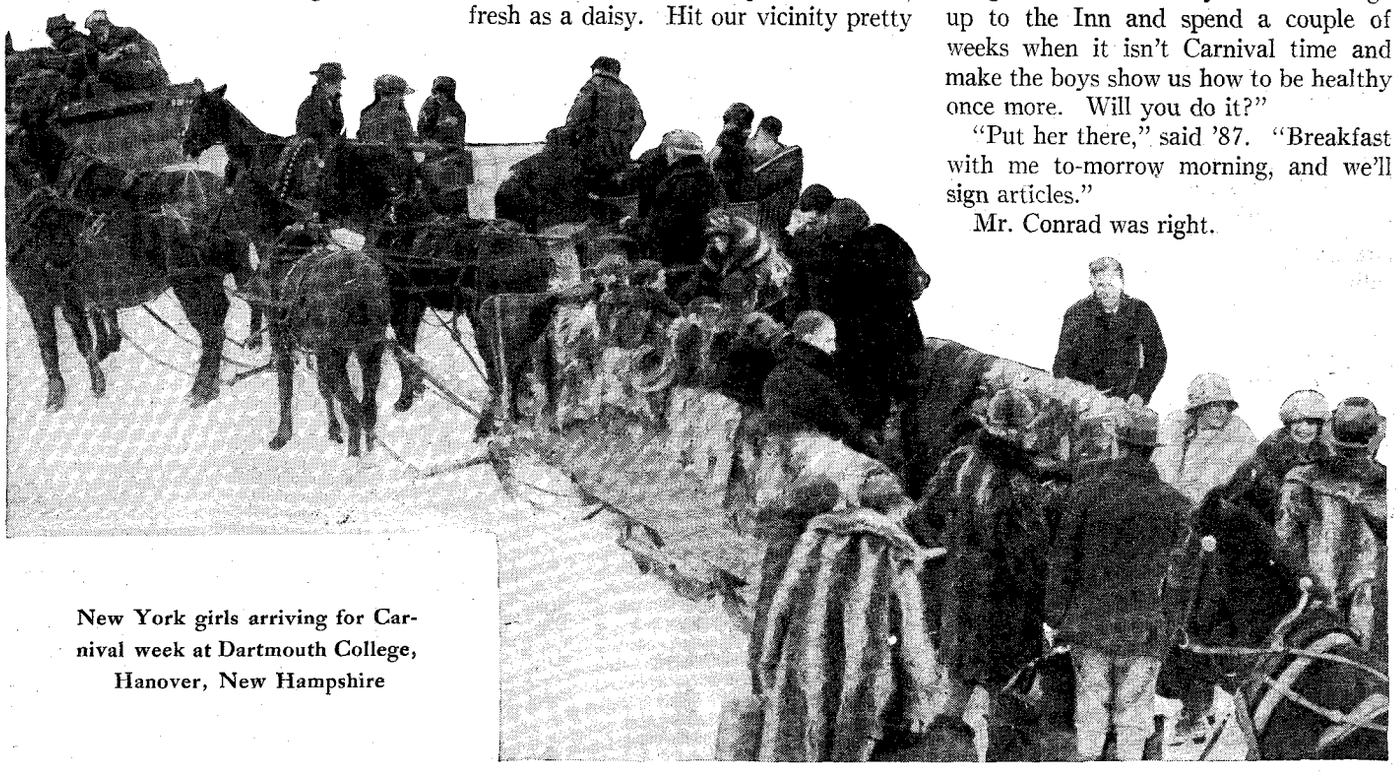
"Sure I believe it. My boy's like that. He got second in the snow-shoe race on Friday—maybe you saw him? Do you know that the Outing Club has actually cleared and keeps clear close to a hundred and fifty miles of marked trail now? Yes, and maintains—build, provision, police, cut firewood—eighteen cabins, I think it is, located along those trails, or at the end of 'em, where parties will find blankets and chow and can pass the night comfortably. And these boys are following those trails all winter long on their skis or their snow-shoes. Sometimes they go out to a near place, cook supper, and trek back by moonlight. Week-ends they make up groups—sometimes as many as twenty in a party, move out over the snow a day's journey, spend the night, and back the next day. No sleep like that! They get a change, get most of the bunk sweated or blown out of them, come down to brass tacks, and get to know each other. And there's no pose about it either; no trying to do something for an ulterior purpose. This outdoor stuff up there at Hanover is a big idea. It's for its own sake, and the benefits come"—

At this point George, the colored porter, stuck his head through the green curtain to announce that "the gemmen's berths is made up, suh."

"Tell you what I'll do," said '86, getting up and stretching himself as he threw his dead cigar away. "Next year I'll get some skis with you and we'll go up to the Inn and spend a couple of weeks when it isn't Carnival time and make the boys show us how to be healthy once more. Will you do it?"

"Put her there," said '87. "Breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and we'll sign articles."

Mr. Conrad was right.



New York girls arriving for Carnival week at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire

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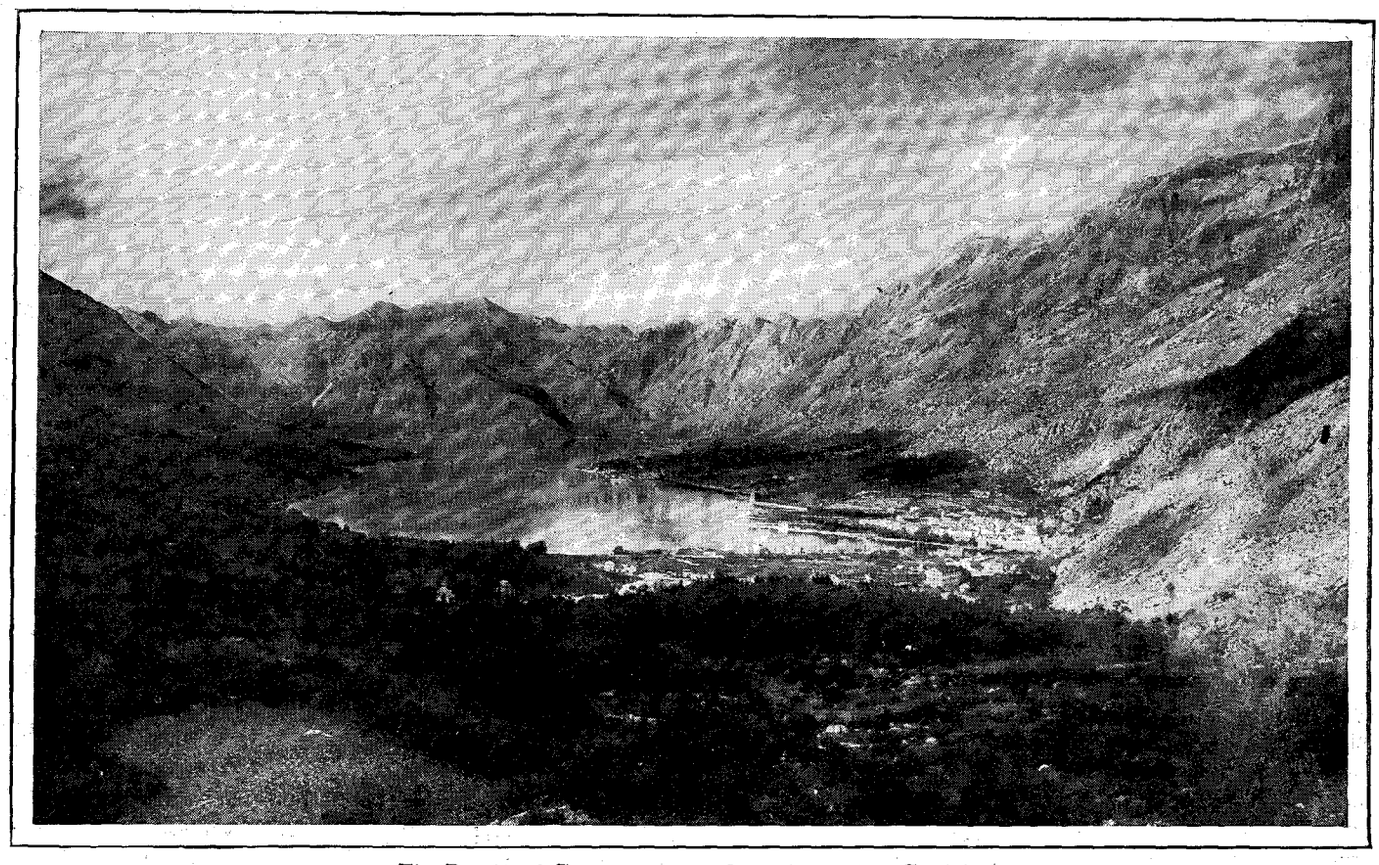

The Bocche di Cattaro, as seen from the road to Cettinje

Dalmatia—the Slav Body with a Latin Soul

By BRUNO ROSELLI

There are not many Americans who have visited Dalmatia, but after they have read this article they will feel as though they had been there

THAT unimaginative fellow-townsman of mine, Dante Alighieri, visualized paradise as a sort of huge celestial merry-go-round with nine rows of souls, disposed in strictly hierarchical array and enjoying such rewards as the faultless rendering of hymns by angelic *virtuosi*, while St. Peter watches the gate. My version of paradise is different: I want a nice, seaworthy Venetian *trabaccolo* with red and yellow sails, and a businesslike yet merciful wind, and a diplomatic passport bearing the visa of every Adriatic potentate, and a thick writing-pad with plenty of well-sharpened pencils; and St. Peter to tend the nets. *"Arma la prora e salpa verso il mondo!"* [1] I might then exclaim with the poet; but I doubt whether I would follow him so far in his Adriatic militancy as to christen my unassuming craft "Totus Mundus." I believe I would call her "Ragusa," from the dream city of the Dalmatian coastland; and would refuse to change her name to "Dubrovnik," even if ordered to do so by the renegade dwellers of a city which certainly had an eye for beauty, but seems to have no ear for it. You see, the skipper of a heavenly argosy could refuse even on strictly philological reasons, since it was from the good old word Ragusa, and not from this harsh Dubrovnik, that the poetic English word "argosy" was derived.

Surely no seaport ever deserved more fully to be thus admitted into the golden book of romance. What a world that linguistic connection brings back! A host of Crusaders, adventurous and inspired, leave home, bound for the East, and find here a Christian republic as near their goal as possible, which supplies ships and arms and food and trustworthy information. The Orient longs for a trading base a stone's throw from home, not hopelessly anti-Saracen, and positively unfriendly toward the Republic of St. Mark; Ragusa fulfills all such requirements, and her "aragose" run all blockades, slip behind Ægean and Dalmatian islets, and re-enter Porto Casson laden with goods from infidel lands. Decidedly nearer the great Levantine trade centers than Venice, she also lies at the opening of the well-known land route which connects the Adriatic with the heart of the Danube Valley. So my good ship Ragusa will visit her first, and St. Peter will be able to pay his respects to the St. Blasius picturesquely towering above Porta Pille, to the endless consternation and envy of his rival St. Mark, who lords it over all the rest of Dalmatia. It is an open secret in paradise that St. Mark and St. Blasius are not friends. At least, Ragusa's constant aim was that of avoiding all contacts with Venice. This is so literally true that by the Treaty of Karlowitz in 1699 the Ragusei, fearing the consequences of a common boundary with Venice, demanded and obtained the grace that Turkish Herzegovina, their eastern neighbor, be prolonged across the Dinaric Alps to the Adriatic Sea above and below the Ragusan possessions. History seldom relates incongruities more grotesque than this: that the gentle Turk should have been requested to stretch out a pair of protecting arms around a republic Italian in language, customs, laws, literature and art, in order to defend her from another Italian republic. Oh, these Latin sisters!

This anomaly was not corrected even when both parts of Dalmatia, the Ragu-

[1] "Arm the prow of thy ship, and sail, the world thy goal" (d'Annunzio, "La Nave").

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san and the Venetian, were merged into proud Austria. Until as late as 1908 this Hapsburg crown land—a cigar-shaped region lying between the Dinaric Alps and the sea, some three hundred miles in length and with an average width of twenty miles—was traversed by these two foreign "corridors." If these did not seriously hamper Dalmatia, it is because her towns communicate with one another always by sea, not by land. Curiously enough, Dalmatia is not, in practice, a continental region with a row of islands, as the map shows; she is a veritable archipelago, consisting of a number of true islands and a number of island-like cities surrounded by inhospitable rocks. Thus republican Ragusa, mistress of a score of islands, lived as if she herself were a fully detached island—a Slav-bodied, Italian-minded, self-governing island—in a sea of Turkish mountain fastnesses. And Zara, Cattaro, Spalato, Sebenico, ignored the land route in their mutual relations, even though not surrounded by such a weird Chinese wall, and, in fact, subjected throughout the formative period of their lives (1420-1797) to the same state, the Republic of Venice.

These cities have inherited a deep hatred for Ragusa, which they accuse of being "a town without a country." I wish to defend the "Athens of Dalmatia," which I consider a deliciously renegade Italic commune, loudly denouncing the motherland but never forgetting her, a true Henry James of the Adriatic and a most interesting historical anomaly. For it was here, in this rare Illyric-Latin-Venetian town where the Palazzo dei Rettori, the Dogana, and the Fonte d'Onofrio bespeak that Italian civilization without which Dalmatia would be a wilderness, that the Slav literature of Dalmatia was born at the end of the sunny cinquecento. As I looked from my hotel window upon the statue of its founder, Giovanni Gondola, who, having admired Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," first translated it into the local Slav dialect and then imitated it in his epic poem the "Osmanide," I had a good chance to ponder on the folly of both Italians and Slavs of to-day. The latter have idiotically translated his name, redolent of the very lagoons, into "Gundulič," while every document for several centuries back had called his family Gondola. And the Italians, instead of rejoicing that it was through an Italian mind and as an echo of Italian culture that these Slavs started on that road to civilization on which they have so much journeying to do, minimize the value of that pioneer work, styling it through their spokesman Sillani "a clumsy imitation, yet the most important work of this vaunted period."

The first thing I noticed about the statue of Gondola-Gundulič is that it turns its back to the sea; and so, contrary to my expectations, does the whole city, which looks to all purposes and intents like the neatly dissected half of a hard-boiled egg minus its yolk—the houses lying in the place of the yolkless and dejected middle part, while the proud *enceinte* of towers (Venetian, Ragusan, French, Austrian) triumphs all around. If you live on the fashionable Stradone, you must possess a very unselfish nature. What a tantalizing experience, to be constantly aware of the grandeur of your outer fringe, but prevented by all sorts of closed gates and inquisitive soldiers from reaching any spot whence you can enjoy that grandeur yourself! I had never thought before how peeved the proud peacock must be when he suffers from a stiff neck and cannot behold the glory of his unfolded tail. But the crowds of Serbs, Hungarians, Czechs, Austrians, Germans, and what not which were making merry last summer in this only accessible Adriatic resort, still using bankrupt currency—since Trieste, Abbazia, and Zara use Italian money now—did not live in Ragusa itself, but somewhere in the Riviera-like outskirts, at San Giacomo or La *Croma* (anagram for *Marco*, a telltale name) or Gravosa; this last named a little town of two thousand souls before the war, but now bound to become more important than historic Ragusa, since the railway from Belgrade reaches the sea here. It is at Gravosa that one realizes that Serbia does not need Fiume as tragically as she says. The Cunard Line, barred from Fiume for her anti-Italian activities, now touches here instead, and advertises this stop as "Dubrovnik"—a new name for mariners and a sweet revenge for the company! No less than seven steamers were loading or unloading at Gravosa when I visited the place last summer; the railway was correspondingly active. And next year the line will be prolonged to the southernmost Dalmatian point across Cattaro Bay, which which will be spanned at the place picturesquely called Le Catene (The Chains), because, owing to its narrowness, the Venetians used to close the Bocche di Cattaro there by means of a chain.

CATTARO! Another wonder of the world far too unknown to Americans. Beyond a narrow pier rises the main city gate, Porta della Marina, the only one open as late as 11 P.M., while the other two close at sunset. Streets as narrow as Venice's narrowest; a Cathedral developing merely in height, the only dimension popular or, in fact, possible here; half a dozen dark prisons, mainly dug into the rock (how many Montenegrin patriots are languishing there?); then steps, steps, steps, and ramparts, ramparts, ramparts. The *cachet* of Cattaro is given by these steps, becoming ever higher and ever closer together as you move away from the sea, and by this circle of magnificent ramparts which forms an artificial fringe around the unique half-detached rock on which the city is built. It seems almost as if a divinity, troubled by indecision, had meant to scoop out of the base of the huge Mount Lovcen a neat slice of granite about seven hundred feet high, but, after detaching it from the mass, had failed to remove it, and left it there—solid on its foundation near the sea, yet separated from the six-thousand-foot mountain by an abyss.

THE average picture post-card of Dalmatia being as abominable in taste as the average picture post-card of America, I was happy when I found that Cattaro boasts a good photographer who specializes in architectural views. He showed me a picture of a city gate. A superb Lion of St. Mark held most defiantly the open Gospel with the inscription "Pax Tibi Marce."

"Where is this gate?"

"You passed under it to enter the city."

"But the Porta della Marina has no lion."

The answer was a shrug of the shoulders and a searching glance. So I proceeded at once, photograph in hand, to the gate, where I saw something which made me wish I were a poet; the proud symbol of Venice was not destroyed, but it had escaped the usual Jugoslav desecration owing to a friendly hand which had trailed Canadian creeper all over it, the firm tendrils clawing with real gusto and totally concealing the bold, irregular surfaces of that unique coat of arms.

But how about the other lions which existed all over Dalmatia when the Italians withdrew a few months ago? How many of them have been thrown into the sea by the wild rabble, together with statues, marble inscriptions, city records, anything which might remind to-day's rulers of how ephemeral their sway is over a region to which they have given bodies but not souls? No matter who is the present master of Dalmatia, is it fair, is it decent, is it civilized, for the Slavs to change so basically the names of these towns, gulfs, islands, straits, that not even the memory of their past might disturb the invaders? That we should call Ragusa "Dubrovnik," Ragusavecchia "Cavtat," Lesina "Hvar," Veglia "Krk"? That in the chief town of this last-named island of Veglia, where 691 out of its 697 families demanded Italian citizenship last year in order to

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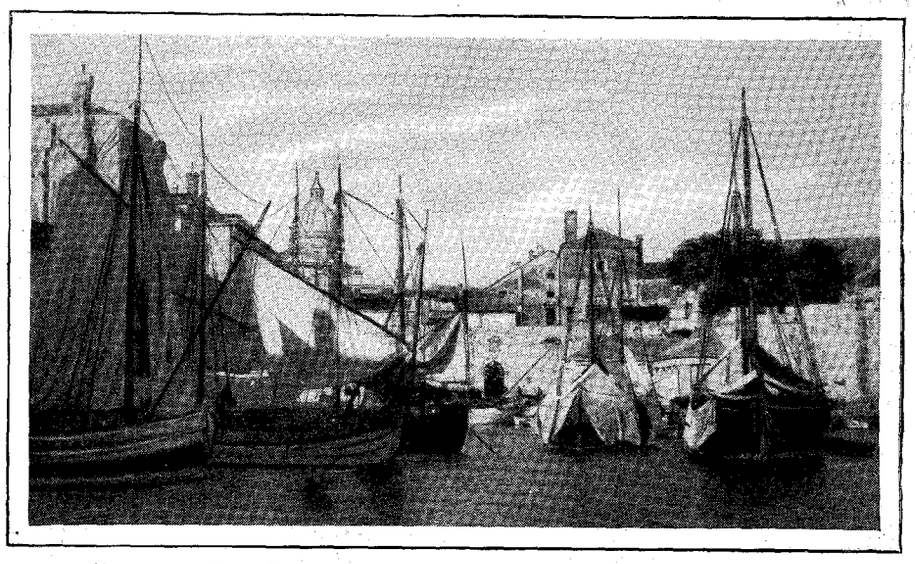
retain their nationality when the Italian troops were withdrawn, the ancient street which had always been known as Calle Orseolo, after the Venetian Doge who had freed the Adriatic from pirates, should be renamed Ulica Alexandrowka after King Alexander of Serbia?

It was a queer and clever makeshift, this granting of the full rights of Italian citizenship to tens of thousands of Dalmatians who have never seen Italy; and it was agreed to by both Jugoslavia and Italy as the only way out of an *impasse*. The former insisted that Dalmatian land is Slav; the latter, that the descendants of Roman Emperors and Venetian Doges are not Serbian food for cannon. Spalato, for instance, seems to justify to the English-speaking world its present official name of "Split" by having, out of a total population of 25,000, no less than 7,000 of these native-born "foreigners" who pay Italian taxes, are eligible to any office in Italy, serve in the Italian army; in fact, her leading Italian citizen, Signor Tacconi, has lately been made a Senator of the Kingdom. How he must have felt, how his seven thousand fellow-nationals (who are not allowed to show on their stores any signs in the Italian language) must have felt, when an Italian ship came through the waters left deserted by the perennial strike of Jugoslav seamen to take him to the Eternal City from his house, built in the very walls of the Dalmatian palace of one of the most powerful emperors of Rome!



"Argosies from Ragusa—they look as they did five hundred years ago, when Ragusa gave them their name"

In the year 305 of our era a Roman Emperor of barbaric and perhaps servile origin, Diocletian, tired of persecuting those Christians who had offended the gods of the Roman state, decided to withdraw to solitude and contemplation between the Mare Nostrum and the Dinaric Alps, and built for himself that "Palatium" which lives through the centuries in the grandeur of its mortarless blocks and in the word "Spalato" taken by the city which grew up within its massive inclosure. The central court, or peristilium, of the palace is Spalato's main square, the mausoleum her Cathedral, the northern and southern entrances (called Porta Aurea and Porta Ænea for sixteen centuries, until Jugoslavia was born five years ago!) her city gates. Roman genii dancing on the cornices have been touched up here and there and have become Christian angels in the houses of God nestling under the daring arches; the dark, narrow streets are former private passageways; palaces, banks, warehouses, shops, municipal offices, are "partitioned off," as it were, within this or that Imperial reception-room or chamber, or else rise—the huge Roman blocks rearranged to fit the new needs—in the midst of a courtyard where sixteen centuries ago the Emperor's body-guard used to assemble and drill. How well we can visualize here the historical instrumentalities which went to make Spalato a coveted habitation of men and a city on familiar terms with history! Six miles away was the Roman military headquarters for the Balkans, the intrenched camp of Salona, a true Aldershot in its day. It was upon that in particular, of course, that the barbarians vented their anger. All but one of its ninety-odd extant sarcophagi were not only looted but desecrated, the invaders not lifting the cover, but hammering a huge hole in the middle of it, that the bodily remains might never again be sheltered. At Salona one forms an idea of the horror of those days, although the Austrians barely scratched the ground, and the Slavs have so far limited their efforts to the excavating of the Roman word "Via" from the various stone tablets, and the substitution of the Croat word "Ulica"!

One can picture the flight of the terrified populations toward the Palace of Diocletian, the physical and mental impressiveness of which made the barbarians come to calmer counsels, while inside the Romans and Romanized Illyrians organized their defense. What a symbol of Dalmatia! The material and spiritual protection of a higher civilization gives, if not always a reality, at least a soothing illusion of safety to a race not pure, but raised by the redeeming leaven of the West, when the barbarous Easterners attack. Ultimately the besieged yield, but not without terms; the assailants enter, but with less arrogance, settle down in a novel environment of law and order, intermarry, Italianize their ways, and prepare to meet another attack of unalloyed Orientals. When Venice arrived, in 1420, she found favorable ground in Spalato; when she collapsed in 1797, dragging with her that Dalmatian dominion to which she clung to the last, the Spalatini buried the flags of St. Mark under their altars. The poet Ugo Foscolo learned here that perfect Italian which made his "Sepolcri" so terse; and it was under the rule of its Italian Mayor Baiamonti that this city became a model for all Dalmatia. Yet when I first visited Spalato in 1920 the Jugoslavs had just murdered the commander of the Italian cruiser stationed here, guilty of trying to pacify a frenzied crowd which had broken on the head of one of his subalterns, sitting at a café table, a glass sign with the forbidden Italian word *gelato* (ice-cream). The officers of the American cruiser Olympia, who saw it all, were instructed not to testify—those being the days of the Wilson-d'Annunzio duel. And the Puglia trained her guns on the town and landed twenty sailors with rifles at the very end of the deserted pier—a sort of bridgehead against all eventualities. But Paris made Rome yield, and the body of Commander Gulli was returned without even an apology. It is of those twenty sailors in gray-green, holding hopelessly a strip of land thirty feet by ten, that I think whenever I read of the tenacious, grim struggle of the Dalmatian Italians. Brave fighters, your children's children will thank you some day, when Dalmatia is herself again.

Do not interpret that as Italian saber-rattling. Let us study the situation with serenity. No one questions the fact that the race now inhabiting Dalmatia is overwhelmingly Slav; in fact, the Italian "annexationists" who want to prove that not four, but ten, per cent of Dalmatians are Italians weaken their claim instead of strengthening it, as they misunderstand pathetically the civilizing mission of Italy in the East, which is qualitative and not

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quantitative. For the people of Dalmatia (a region thinly populated, anyway, with barely half a million souls) consist of two distinct groups: the semi-barbarous peasants, almost animal-like, often troglodytic, always microcephalic, ninety-nine per cent illiterate, belonging to the lowest type of Slav civilization (and that is saying a great deal); and the city dwellers, who are either aboriginal Illyrians (probably brothers of the present Albanians), first civilized by the Romans and then by the Venetians, or scions of Venetian noblemen settled down in that former colony of Venice, hence resenting this Slav arrogance just as the French settlers in Haiti did when their island became a free but fatuous Negro republic, or, last but not least, descendants of Croats of the earlier invasions (especially that which reached the coast in the seventh century), who arrived too late to be Romanized, but underwent a thorough mental delousing at the hands of Venice. Of pure Slav race, these are often the most deadly foes of the "Jugoslav union" of to-day, which only means annexation to Serbia. The truth is that most Dalmatians now loathe Belgrade and distrust Rome, although if left alone by both they might form a glorious connecting link between the two. Their bodies are Slav; their souls, Italian. Amazingly bilingual, they prefer to speak Slav, yet invariably write in Italian; some of the bitterest anti-Italian newspapers of Dalmatia have been written in the Italian language. There are no colleges in the whole country; every young man who wants to go beyond high school crosses the Adriatic (not the Dinaric Alps, mind you!) and prepares for the doctorate or the law in an Italian university, usually Padua. From St. Jerome, one of the greatest Latin Fathers of the Church, to Luciano da Laurana, who built the ducal palace of Urbino, from Tommaseo, the Dante scholar, to Baglivi, Italy's most celebrated seventeenth-century physician, all the great men of Dalmatia have been Italian. If a more decisive argument were needed, I submit the following: not one Dalmatian palace, church, museum, or other structure worth mentioning in any guide-book, is a work of Slav architecture; *they are all Italian buildings.* You may look it up yourself in Herr Baedeker's red Leipsic bible, which, incidentally, will show you six good little maps of Dalmatia, *all in the Italian language!*

And what do you suppose the two countries concerned have done to cure that difficult psycho-physiological case? They have taken their sharpest knife, and have amputated. The only uncertainty has been as to where the blade would cut. The Treaty of London (1915) demanded that Dalmatia be horizontally bisected, the upper half to go to Italy, the lower to Serbia. That asinine judgment of Solomon was all but carried out, being stopped, not by maternal love or judicial wisdom, but by the swinging of the "balance of power." However, poor Dalmatia must be Biblically inclined, for she merely swapped Solomon for Salome; by the Rapallo Treaty (1920) her head, the capital city of Zara, was severed from the trunk, which became Jugoslav, and was delivered to Italy, together with the noble hinterland of one mile and a half!

SINCE I may never deserve the good ship Ragusa, I shall console myself by thinking of the working substitute for it which gloriously rolled me into Zara from the island of Oltre, where the Ragusan steamer Petka had deposited me hastily when I discovered at the last moment that *their* island of Prékü was none other than *my* island of Oltre, and I was therefore but five miles from Zara, their *bête noire*. The Adriatic treated me to a regular Turner sunset, and I treated myself to a big fishing boat; so, after the "Prékü" police had finished reading all my letters and had counted every one of my bank notes and added up the total of uncashed checks to satisfy themselves that I was leaving in befitting poverty the country which I had entered so far from impecunious, I set sail for the former capital of the Kingdom of Dalmatia, for that city of the dead which has paid her patriotism with her life.

Zara, with her pretentious palaces facing a broad boulevard which never sees an automobile (being too Venetian and too insular for that), and her clean and straight little *calli* elsewhere, always disappoints me, for she seems a petulant, chesty little Venice extracted from the waves, polished up, dressed in Sunday clothes, and put on good behavior. She is now a garrison town, foolish-looking, like all such. On Sunday evenings, along the *palazzata* facing the international canal, swarms of smart Italian officers parade up and down, distributing irresistible glances among the few Zaratine left, to the tune of "Pagliacci," under the electric arc lights; while the Slavs, two miles away on every side, are probably looking on and laughing at their festive prisoners. "Not so loud, please," I felt like shouting to the bandmaster. Didn't he know that one must not even hum a tune when in a listening-post?

I wonder how many Americans realize that one can leave Rome after breakfast, reaching Zara in time for dinner the same evening, by the fastest railway and steamship service via Ancona. Let many of them come here and ponder over this text: "The possession of Zara is a liability for Italy, yet it would be disastrous for Italy not to have Zara." The former capital of Dalmatia may be only a dying settlement of 20,000 inhabitants; still, Jugoslav Dalmatia is not complete without her. The precious archives are here. The religious life of the region centers here. Here have taken refuge the Italian patriots fleeing the rest of Dalmatia. The tricolored flash of her lighthouses is a reminder to impudent neighbors, a cheer for oppressed fellow-nationals. Her former Via Larga (Broad Street) is now renamed "VIA D'ANNUNZIO—FORMERLY IN SEBENICO ABANDONED 12/6/21." What if Sebenico is forty miles away? I found the inscription both legitimate and thrilling. Italy may be a sentimental country; she also knows the ultimate weight of spiritual values. If there had to be an amputation in Dalmatia, Italy proved her true mettle by this aristocratic choice. Thus was rewarded the one Dalmatian city which had refused to yield to Austrian pressure and maintained an Italian City Council to the very day of her annexation, while Spalato lost hers in 1883, Sebenico in 1888, Ragusa in 1900. How much longer would the Italian influence endure in Dalmatia were it not possible lawfully to radiate it from a strategic position in the midst of the enemy camp?

Hence Italian Zara—for the present. But the future?

The ultimate settlement of Dalmatia should not be surgical, and the test of power should be qualitative. That will make Italy and Jugoslavia equal contestants there, as they fundamentally are; but my advice to both is, "Hands off." Frankly, the Slavs have been tested and found wanting, and the Italy of to-day lacks political malleability, trying to rule Tripoli and Meran as she rules Rome. Let Dalmatia be made a totally independent country. Let her freedom be guaranteed both by Serbia and Italy, just as they have done for Fiume; an autonomous Dalmatia stands a far better chance to live indefinitely than an autonomous Fiume—unable to breathe in a territory of nine square miles, with a closed door behind.[1] Let the new state be officially bilingual, culturally inclined toward Italy, commercially toward Serbia. Let the glorious old blue flag with three golden leopards' heads be raised again, and the pall of despair will be lifted from half a million humans guilty only of the crime of being living hyphens between their bodies and their souls, God-chosen carriers of Latin culture to the nearest Oriental invaders on the shores of the sea where East meets West.

[1] This sentence, written last December, was prophetic. Italy and Jugoslavia have had to come to the rescue of Fiume, by common agreement the former annexing most of the city while the latter obtains the lion's share of the port facilities.

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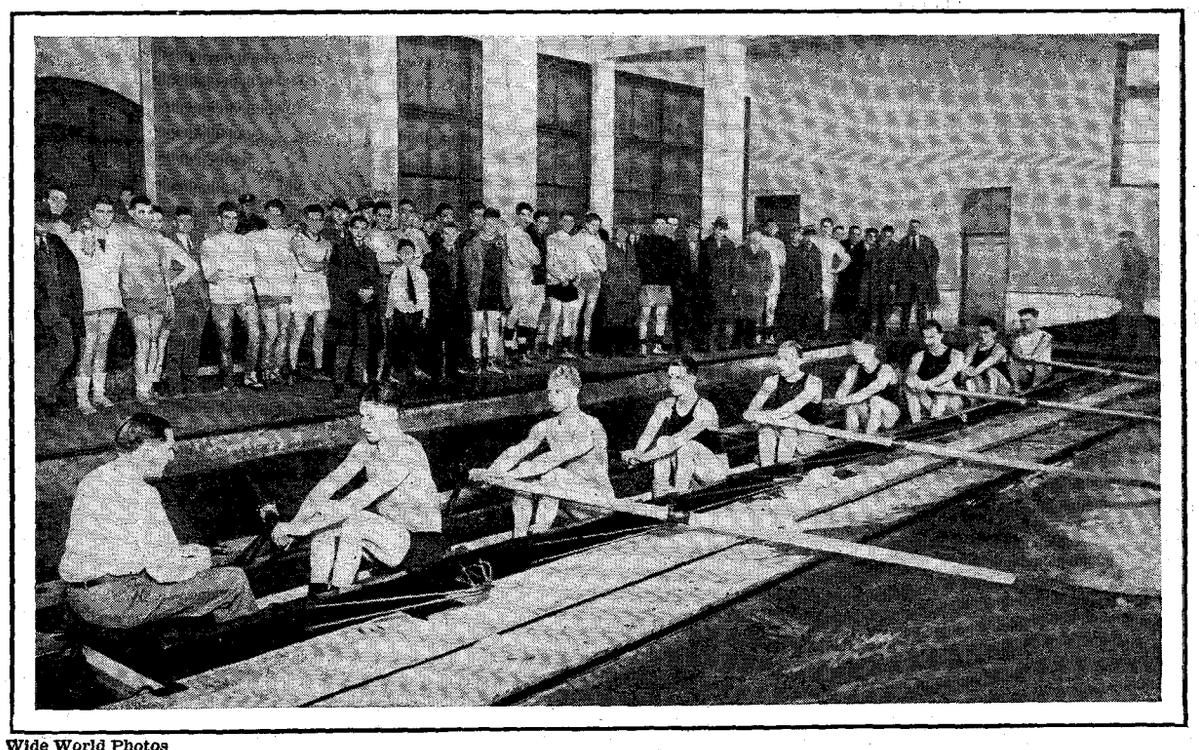
Water Sports of Winter

Wide World Photos

Oneida Lake, in central New York, furnishes excellent sport for hardy fishermen who don't mind zero weather, as is proved by this picture of a lover of outdoor sport who seems to be making a good catch of pickerel-pike and perch through a hole in the ice, well offshore



Wide World Photos

Here are the oarsmen of Syracuse University at winter practice under the direction of their coach, James A. Ten Eyck. Perhaps this is an excellent place to drop a hint that when these oarsmen get out on open water The Outlook will begin publication of some of the rowing reminiscences of Mr. Ten Eyck. This veteran oarsman has a delightful story to tell

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The Book Table

The True Story of Tut-ankh-Amen[1]

By R. D. Townsend

EVERY one has read the newspaper accounts of the marvels found in the tomb of the ancient Egyptian king whose name has become a household word. Many may say: "Oh, I have read all about it, and have seen pictures until I am tired of them!"

It is chiefly to save such people from losing a richly enjoyable literary feast that this review is written. It may even be asserted that the more one has already read of the recent discoveries in the Valley of the Kings, the more pleasure he will find in this volume.

That is not merely because the work is authoritative, although of course it is so. It is because we have here for the first time a connected, well-proportioned, and admirably written narrative.

So, too, with the pictures. Many of Mr. Burton's photographs have been seen before; many others are new, or at least have the impression of novelty; but the point is that they are now in close connection with the telling of the facts, and the references from text to pictures and from pictures to text bind the whole together and double the clearness and the interest of the story.

One does not need to be an Egyptologist or an archæologist in order to follow the fascinating record of this sudden plunge into the royal life of Egypt over three thousand years ago. Mr. Carter and Mr. Mace have had in mind the general reader, and have evidently taken pains to make everything plain and simple. Excellent examples of this are seen in the early historical chapters, which might only too easily have been bewildering in scholarly detail, but which in fact are almost dramatic in their unfolding of the fantastic story of the struggle between the kings and the robbers; the first striving to invent secret methods of secure and yet splendid interment for all time, the second devising means to penetrate the tomb and escape with rich plunder. It reminds one of the modern contest between builders of armored ships and inventors of projectiles to destroy them. So it came about that, while there were plenty of royal mummies discovered (a score of them were moved about and finally discovered together in one cave, dumped in a cart, and carried off to Cairo), the treasures, art objects, weapons, domestic utensils, clothes, and furniture originally placed in the tombs were long ago scattered or destroyed. For the very first time in history the opening of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, despite partial violation, showed how an ancient Egyptian king was enshrined and what were the treasures spread about him for his use and pleasure at his resurrection. The artistic side of the disclosures has been particularly wonderful, as is amply shown in such photographs and descriptions as those of the king's golden throne, the king's wishing cup, and the marvelously minute and delicate miniature drawing on the lid of the painted coffin.

One more illustration of the assertion that the tale of Tut-ankh-Amen has not become stale by repetition is found in the chapter on the actual discovery of the tomb. In ten pages the reader is taken with Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter through their hours of hope, doubt, and final assurance of success. Without emotionalism, the narration of "a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams" does stir one's imagination strongly and is an intensely vivid piece of writing.

Wisely, Mr. Carter decided to confine this first volume, about a subject that may yet take two or three years to bring to completion, to what was actually done during the first season of work. The early reports from the tomb were sometimes misleading, once or twice comically so. Therefore it is best to hold fast to that which is fully established, and to leave guessing and prophecy to irresponsible writers. Writing last August, Mr. Carter in his preface says that only a quarter of the tomb's contents have been examined. The record of the preliminary season of work ends with the opening of the sealed door and the first views of the sepulchral chamber and the nest of shrines. The present season has seen the shrines dismantled and the actual, untouched sarcophagus laid bare. That story is for the next volume of this great and fascinating work. It is sure to be of equal interest.

One word more of advice to the reader. Do not follow the sometimes quite justifiable practice of skipping Introductions. The one in this work is a sketch of the life of the late Lord Carnarvon, by his sister, Lady Burghclere. Carnarvon's life was both singular and adventurous. Its incidents are remarkably curious, amusing, and partly tragic. The story of it is related with fine taste and quiet intentness, and is one of the most attractive features in a continuously satisfactory and entertaining volume.

[1] The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen. By Howard Carter and A. C. Mace. Photographs by Henry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

The New Books

POETRY

WILD CHERRY. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. The Norman, Remington Company, Baltimore.

Of late our ears have been filled with the noise of new names—to the extent of drowning out altogether the thin sound of names that are not noisy and that are no longer new. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that a new book of poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese should issue from the press and take its place upon the shelves with no loud heralding or hoarse huzzas. Miss Reese and her readers would not have it otherwise; yet from such a disparity in the degree of attention a confusion of values is apt to result.

Masters with his revealing epitaphs, Frost with his distinctive New England folk, and Amy Lowell with her gorgeous tapestries and delicate images—to mention only three who live in the mouth of publicity—each brought a new and peculiar contribution to poetry in English. Miss Reese—not just to-day, nor yesterday, but even the day before yesterday—with her exquisite refinement of thought and feeling, her delicate and perfect phrasing, and her sensitive and lyrical response to the frail and beautiful things of earth and of the spirit, also brought, and brings, a distinctive contribution. If it is less startling than these others, and no longer so new as theirs, these are considerations which impair not at all its genuine and lasting worth.

Some years ago, I remember, Padraic Colum had some sober and sound things to say on the subject of publicity and fame. The differences in origin, constituencies, and destiny between the two are so obvious that it would seem needless to dwell upon them. But it is serviceable to note, by way of preserving a responsible sense of values, that the two are seldom coextensive in proportions, and that the growth of the latter is quiet and gradual; that it is based upon human needs ade-

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quately served; that it proceeds without noise at a time when the blare of the day's trumpets is all of other things.

Something of this sort has gone on in the case of Miss Reese and her poetry. She has ceased to be of any great use to the heralds of publicity. Her accent was never a startling or revolutionary thing. And now even the delicate and sweet distinction that it had is no longer a novelty. How should one call the populace together to shout to them, for example, "A Girl's Mood:"

> I love a prayer-book;
> I love a thorn-tree
> That blows in the grass
> As white as can be.
>
> I love an old house
> Set down in the sun,
> And the windy old roads
> That thereabout run.
>
> I love blue, thin frocks;
> Green stones one and all;
> A sky full of stars,
> A rose at the fall.
>
> A lover I love;
> Oh, had I but one,
> I would give him all these,
> Myself, and the sun!

This is scarcely the right pitch or the proper matter for ear-splitting. But I suspect that it represents an old, old verity with fidelity—certainly with a delicate and trembling vividness, and a virginal music no less authentic for being thin.

Something of this same fresh and unspoiled quality inhabits most of the poetry in this latest book of a writer who began publishing when most of her better-known and wearily sophisticated colleagues in the art were yet in knee-breeches or pinafores. This virginal freshness—the innocent and ingenuous pleasure in the immediate joys and melancholies of existence—is the same delicate bloom in this volume that it was in "A Handful of Lavender," published as long ago as 1892.

Above I have said something of Miss Reese's exquisite refinement of feeling and of her sensitive and lyrical response to things frail and lovely. Both of these qualities might be enlarged upon to the profit and delight of those surfeited with disordered and self-conscious poetry, merging over into pathology as its proper field. But it were more serviceable and delightful to reprint, as an instance and a characteristic sonnet, "Triumph:"

> Heart's measure gave I. Is it all forgot?
> Winds cannot blow or beat it into dust,
> Or waters cover it, or moth or rust
> Corrupt it into aught that it was not.
> For what is more remembered than the spring?
> The scarlet tulips running through the grass
> By a wet wall, and gone with but Alas?
> (I know not how I know this old, old thing).
> How now, poor one, that loved me for a space?
> Mine is the triumph of the tulip flower;
> My ruined April will not let you by;
> To east my laughter, and to west my face,
> Housed with you ever down some poignant hour,
> There drifts the scrap of music that was I.

The poem is worth citing as an instance of certain outstanding qualities in Miss Reese's work as a whole—faultless technique, sensitive and delicate phrasing, and of passion restrained, yet glowing, and the element of repose which we associate with the finest art when it has fused jagged experience into a perfect and significant entity.

DAVID MORTON.

FICTION

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE? By Alice Duer Miller. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Gay, clever, frivolous, and fluffy; a dish of whipped syllabub with bitter-almond flavoring. Two of the nine stories leave a trace of bitterness lingering on the palate—unpleasantly after "A Return to Normalcy;" with stimulating sharpness after "Devoted Women." Doubtless the favorite tale with most readers will be the opening one, with its amusing little schoolgirl heroine and the estranged parents she reunites, not at all after the conventional method.

HELIODORUS: AN ÆTHIOPIAN ROMANCE. Translated by Thomas Underdowne (1587). Revised by F. A. Wright. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

A modern version of the sixteenth-century translation of a curious and little-known romance, written in Greek by Heliodorus. Nothing is surely known of the author; he is supposed to have lived in the third century of our era, and seems to have known Egypt well.

INTERPRETER'S HOUSE (THE). By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

"The Interpreter's House," Mr. Burt's first full-length novel, opens excellently, and if it does not always move forward upon an even level, its fluctuations never carry it out of touch with the reader's interest. The author is perhaps less successful with his women than with his men. Gulian, his dominating hero (Gulian with the aristocratic old New York G), one may like or dislike; he is a curious compound of "human warious," man of the world, poet, introspective philosopher, and potential banker, with a dash of cave man; but one is not likely to be bored by him. Even his theories and opinions concerning our world, our country and our fellow country men and women, however unusual or unflattering, however likely to arouse at times in the average reader any form of dissent from annoyed surprise to righteous rage, do not become tiresome. They are an essential and intellectually provocative part of an ambitious whole. Incidentally we may thank Mr. Burt for a quite delightful little achievement in the sketch, in so few lines, of Vannya, the irresponsible, reprehensible, and charming Russian philanderer.

JUDD & JUDD. By Nalbro Bartley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

"You must realize that a husband should be the esoteric help a wife usually is; it is often the attitude men assume towards the women who ask for logical sequence in their interests which determine whether or not that request can be granted. We must have sequence if we are to avoid nervous wrecks, universal discontent. . . . Until this modern understanding is brought to pass, women will impulsively abandon their great career of wifehood and motherhood and let our civilization take the consequences."

Waiving a natural anxiety for civilization, the reader of "Judd & Judd" is likely to be mentally preoccupied, on reading these words, with the fact that they are uttered by a wife to her husband, from whose suicidal hand she has but a minute before snatched a revolver. She has a little more to say in the same vein; yet Tony makes no effort to recover the weapon. The book is one more attempt to deal with the problem of a wife's profession outside the home. If only the author could have forgotten that she was demonstrating a theory, she might have told a worth-while story. Blair and Tony, when they are not mouthpieces, are real people.

LAVENDER DRAGON (THE). By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

An amusing version of a mediæval legend, told as social satire.

STAIRWAY OF THE SUN. By R. W. Ritchie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

We have had plenty of "beach-combers" in South Sea stories, ranging from Stevenson's picturesque villains down to mere lazy slackers. But the chap in the present Hawaiian story is unique, we think, in that he fled from the United States to escape the draft in the Great War. Of course he is ultimately regenerated by a girl's influence, but one would prefer that he had been drowned rather than regenerated through the girl (an American school-teacher). Hawaii's Japanese and school questions are also brought into the tale. Too much patriotic earnestness mars the telling of

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INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF R. L. S. (AN). By Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in three days at Bournemouth. The idea came to him in a dream, and he worked without ceasing for those three days until it was finished. He read the manuscript to his wife and stepson, and was crushed by the adverse criticism of Mrs. Stevenson. He was beside himself with anger, but presently burned up the entire manuscript and began it all over again. For three more days he wrote, at the astonishing rate of over ten thousand words a day, copied it out in another two days, and had it in the post on the third.

This story, told in no such bald outline, is one of the incidents of this interesting and vigorous book. It has been said that too much has been written about Stevenson, but that is proved not to be true when one who knew him intimately, and is himself a practiced writer, sets about the work. Mr. Osbourne's volume can be read in an hour or so, and it has no superfluous nor tedious page. The material is new, and the descriptions of Stevenson in Europe, America, and especially in the South Seas, are all admirable.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMERICAN SOCIAL HISTORY, AS RECORDED BY BRITISH TRAVELLERS. Compiled and Edited by Allan Nevins. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $4.

Fifteen or more years ago John Graham Brooks, in "As Others See Us," wrote a small but adequate and interesting book on foreign travelers' opinions of America. Mr. Brooks studied his subject, digested it, and produced an admirable work which is not superseded by this more encyclopædic compilation of Mr. Nevins. Anybody could read Mr. Brooks's book in two evenings. Few will wish to read all the 555 pages of fine print in the present book. It is amusing to dip into; it may be consulted as a book of reference, but it is formidable in appearance. The compiler refers to Mr. Brooks's book but once, and does not mention its title. But he has gathered between two covers a great amount of English comment upon America, from 1789 to 1922, from John Bernard, who met Washington, to James Bryce, Chesterton, and Wells. It contains a large number of interesting pages, many of which are not so interesting; together with an index, a bibliography, and all the apparatus of a book designed to assist study and research. The question may arise whether this is a subject for study, but the author believes that it is, and has proceeded upon that belief.

FIRST TIME IN HISTORY (THE): TWO YEARS OF RUSSIA'S NEW LIFE. By Anna Louise Strong. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

As Leon Trotsky introduces this book with a commendatory preface, it may be taken as being almost a semi-official statement of the changes and development of Soviet government between 1921 and 1923. It is not mainly theoretical or controversial, but aims to give definite information about such things as the official attitude and action of the soviets as to state control of capital, industry, and education; the changes in the church; the attitude of the Jews; the future of coal, oil, and steel; the drink question; and much else. Senator La Follette is said to have been much impressed with the author's marshaling of facts.

OUTLAWS OF CAVE-IN-ROCK (THE). By Otto A. Rothert. Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.

This is a book to make the heart glad. There must be in America hundreds of incidents and localities worthy of and waiting for some such conscientious historian as Mr. Rothert. Cave-in-Rock is a natural cavern in Hardin County, Illinois, on the Ohio River. It has attracted travelers and been noted in the writings of explorers since 1729. It may have been used by Indians and by "mound-builders;" it sheltered travelers and emigrants in the eighteenth century; but its greatest importance lay in the fact that it was the lair of notorious gangs of outlaws, highwaymen, and counterfeiters from 1795 onward. The names—terrible in that region, and a century ago—of the

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Harpes and of Mason, the highwayman, are connected with it. The cave has often figured in fiction, and its bibliography is extensive. It inevitably recalls the cave described in "Tom Sawyer"—in fact, the reference to John A. Murrell recalls the remark in Mark Twain's book: " 'Twas always said that Murrel's gang used around here one summer." But that was far away, in Missouri.

This history is adequately documented and well illustrated. It is appropriately dedicated to Young E. Allison, author of "Derelict." The stories of the famous outlaws who "used around" the cave are told, their crimes and their summary punishments by the outraged inhabitants. It is an excellent work of local history, and the result of much research.

OUTLINE OF THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT (AN). By Paul Blanshard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Eminently timely in view of the fact that to-day the Labor Party's leader is Prime Minister of Great Britain. The book is an excellent source of information—a handbook rather than a treatise or argument. Its author is an American trade-unionist, and he takes much pains to show the differences in the aims and methods of American and British labor organizations as well as in their tactics and policies. Mr. Arthur Henderson furnishes the Introduction, and asserts that "Labor, the world over, is international in its outlook and spirit."

SCIENCE

CHATS ON SCIENCE. By Edwin E. Slosson. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Eighty-five short talks on scientific subjects: relativity, astronomy, biology, and others. All so brief that any one of them can be read in five minutes, and so simply told that anybody can understand them.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LURE OF FRENCH CHÂTEAUX (THE). By Frances M. Gostling. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

This description of the famous châteaux and the monarchs and nobles who lived in them is written in a chatty manner which will be agreeable to some readers; it has the merit of not being dull. But there are others to whom the author's bubbling style will be a little wearisome.

LURE OF THE RIVIERA (THE). By Frances M. Gostling. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

Personal experiences; not a guide, nor a book of compelling literary charm. But a pleasant, rambling narrative, of no great importance.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT LONDON. By Charles G. Harper. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

It would take a poor writer to write a dull book about London, and Mr. Harper

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is not the man. His book is entertaining, with its chapters on waxworks, strange museums, old city corners and customs, old shops, and the curiosities of the public record office.

MISCELLANEOUS

ELEPHANT MAN, AND OTHER REMINISCENCES (THE). By Sir Frederick Treves. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.25.

The first impulse is to warn all who have not strong nerves to let this book alone. It contains curious and sad—mostly sad—stories from the hospital, the operating-room, and the doctor's consulting-room—the leaves from a famous surgeon's case book. The title essay seems at first to be an utterly terrible and piteous history of a monstrosity—a man so deformed and disfigured from birth as to look more like an elephant than a human being. The story of the last few years in the life of this poor creature is, however, something more than a recital of horrors—it is also a touching narrative of the power of human kindness and sympathy. So to the warning given in the first sentence should be added the remark that this is a singular and, in certain aspects, a beautiful book.

CRYSTALLIZING PUBLIC OPINION. By Edward L. Bernays. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

A study of the functions and possibilities of the profession of public relations counsel, a recently introduced element in public life. The author has had experience both here and abroad in this matter. He says that the profession has grown from "the status of circus stunts" to an important place in the world's affairs. What it is in scope and technique and how it may be applied to advantage is discussed here with moderation and common sense.

Books Received

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BOY'S BOOK OF FOREST RANGERS. By Irving Crump. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

WHY VIRGINIA. By Helen Sherman Griffith. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

BIOGRAPHY

LOVE AFFAIRS OF WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN (THE). By Elton Raymond Shaw. The Shaw Publishing Company, Berwyn, Ill. 75c.

POETRY

ENJOYMENT OF POETRY (THE). By Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF MODERN POETRY (THE). By Arthur S. Hoyt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

EDUCATIONAL

FOURTH "R" (THE). By Homer S. Bradley. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

ÆNEAS, TACITUS, ASCLEPIODOTUS, ONASANDER. Translated by the Illinois Greek Club. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

SENSIBLE LIFE (THE). By George Hamilton Fitch. Barse & Hopkins, New York. $1.50.

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Children Should Go to Church

By Frank A. Waugh

Children should always go to church, and no childish excuses should be considered—except from adults. On stormy Sundays grown people are obliged to stay at home for fear of spoiling their Sunday clothes, but children delight to be out in the rain and can go to church as well as not.

On pleasant Sundays children look especially charming in the pews. The old folks will probably prefer to go out automobiling. They can commune with nature. Children can't. The peace and quiet of the open country is very uplifting to adults, especially when a good chicken dinner can be had Sundays for two dollars and a half at the wayside inn.

It is especially important in this godless and materialistic age that the hearts of the children be kept pure and their minds filled with the teachings of religion. We must realize that they will soon take our places in the hard struggle of life, and then nobody can make them go to church. By that time Mr. Ford will be making airplanes at the price of two bushels of potatoes. Our grown-up children will then do without potatoes, and on Sundays will go airplaning.

That will be even more uplifting than automobiling. It will give one a higher point of view. One will be able to rise above the turmoil and pettiness of this world and in a sense to approach heaven on his own power. If the engine balks, he may approach the other place with even greater certainty.

It is easy to see, however, that the present generation of children must go to church now or never. Besides, our pew rent is paid and somebody must get the benefit of it.

You'll See

Whiter teeth in 10 days

Here is a test which every man owes to himself. To millions it has shown the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show one of its effects.

Combats the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous, clinging film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so much of it remains. Soon that film discolors, forming dingy coats. That is why teeth become clouded.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus film is the great tooth enemy.

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Today careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice. To homes all around you it has brought a new dental era.

Results are quick

Every use of Pepsodent also multiplies the tooth-protecting agents in saliva. Old methods reduce their power.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Once you see these results you will never again go without them. Cut out coupon so you don't forget.

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The Mail Bag

Married Women Workers in a Mining Town

LETTERS in your Mail Bag often tempt me to strike up correspondence with you, but I have never before written to editors, in general or particular, so find it hard to begin.

Hortense M. Lion's "Boycott on Wives" in a recent issue of The Outlook is so timely and so fair in point of view that it surely deserves attention.

In the ranching district surrounding the coal mining town in which I live wives drive cattle, run mowing machines, haul grain to the elevator, help butcher beeves, drive delivery trucks from house to house with their farm products. Work of this kind is so common that it attracts no comment.

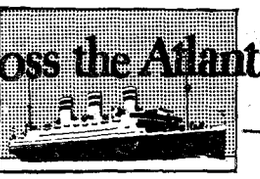
But the public seems dearly to begrudge the regular payment of an amount popularly considered adequate for given labor. This attitude works a hardship on the woman of average ability and attainments who is ambitious in her industry. Those whose work requires unusual accomplishments probably have no complaints.

Recently men belonging to our local miners' union initiated effectively and entirely unofficially a boycott on business houses employing clerks or stenographers who were married women. The movement originated because many young girls, mostly daughters of these men, who were just out of school—that is, public school—were seeking employment slightly more elegant, in their estimation, than domestic service. In the meantime the wives of these miners whose daughters were applying for "store" positions have their regular programme of "going out;" laundry work, cleaning, cooking, and scrubbing are not taboo.

Many miners here have retired from the strenuous work of digging coal. They own comfortable homes, cars of the over-$2,000 variety, they go abroad every three or four years. Their wives are running crowded boarding-houses or take amusing pride in their select clientele of native American families whose homes they clean regularly.

The exasperating part of it is that these men cannot see any similarity in the two situations. It is useless to argue with them that the principle is the same, whether at work in a department store or in a kitchen. The merchants deplore their new régime of help, who are working for purposes of personal decoration, in place of those women whose earnings were going into Building and Loan or a

"across the Atlantic"



Those who have crossed before choose their ship with care.

IN accommodations and in service the de luxe steamers Resolute, Reliance, Albert Ballin, Deutschland commend themselves to the most discriminating. The splendid one-class cabin steamers Cleveland, Hansa, Thuringia, Westphalia, Mount Clay offer appreciated economies without sacrifice of comfort. Frequent sailings from New York to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg, with excellent rail connection to all parts of Europe.

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Recommended particularly for a tender skin.

If your druggist cannot supply you send 50 cents for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort.

Or send 2c stamp for sample.

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A danger signal — tender and bleeding gums

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But *you* need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada.

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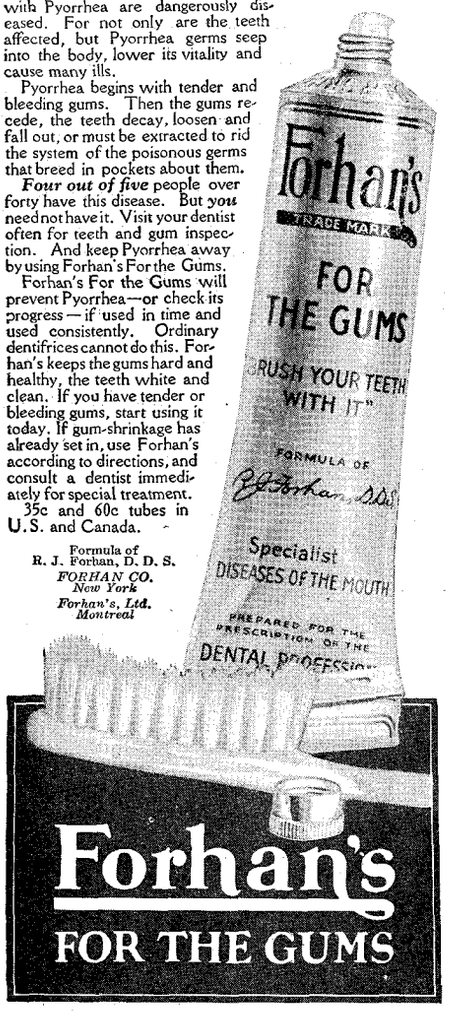

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new piano. I do not mean to frown on personal vanities by and large, nor do I contend that pianos are always worthy objects, but the facts remain that the latter ambitions are usually entertained by more dependable workers.

Modern business women cannot find home and children any more inconvenient than our pioneer mothers, who, *sans* doctors, nurses, maids, or electric washing-machines, helped their husbands nearly every day in the year, cleared land, rode for cattle, pruned orchards. The list is endless. A wife's earning power has merely changed. Formerly it represented a saving; now it can be a money payment. How can arbitrary limitation of a woman's efforts ever settle the matter, when Mary Gishfords by the score are receiving fortunes amid public approval, while plain little Mrs. John Smith must step out because she is handicapped by lack of her maiden name?

* * *

Red Lodge, Montana.

A Case of Contemptible Partisanship

WOODROW WILSON'S broken body has escaped at last from the lash of his detractors, but his spirit still remains to be flayed. Will The Outlook please tell one of its outraged readers why it used the occasion of Woodrow Wilson's death to poke around again in the ashes of partisan hatred and to seek to fan into flame the old burned out embers?

The paper must have sunk to a depth never dreamed of by the author of "The Crucifiers" to give Woodrow Wilson so biased and contemptible an obituary.

C. W. DONNELLY.

Jamaica, N. Y.

A Fall from High Tradition

To me it is a mystery that you and your journal are opposed to the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations—a paper which in its past history as the "Christian Union" and The Outlook has boasted as among its editors Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, Hamilton W. Mabie, and Theodore Roosevelt.

To be so much in the lead along so many lines of human welfare, and to be in the opposition on what is perhaps the greatest question of the day, fills me with pity, sorrow, and a certain degree of scorn.

WILLIAM KIMBERLEY PALMER,
Executive Secretary.

The Massachusetts Greek American National Union, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Taking Soundings

On a strange coast or in foggy weather, the navigator, to protect his ship, takes soundings. By the depth of the water and the deposit brought up on the lead, he is able to determine his position.

To protect your health against such constitutional diseases as diabetes, Bright's disease and other ailments toward which your constitution may be drifting without your knowing it, you should take periodical "health soundings."

This is the function of our Bureau. By means of urinalysis, we make a periodical check-up on the state of your health. These reports are true protection against those diseases towards which the system can drift unsuspected, as they are not apparent to the naked eye.

We don't interfere with the function or service of your doctor. When you need his advice, our reports inform you of the fact.

The service takes only four minutes of your time per year. The cost is negligible and you can have full particulars of the service, what it means and what it does, free, without obligation.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your booklet, "The Span of Life," and full particulars of your plan.

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Financial Department

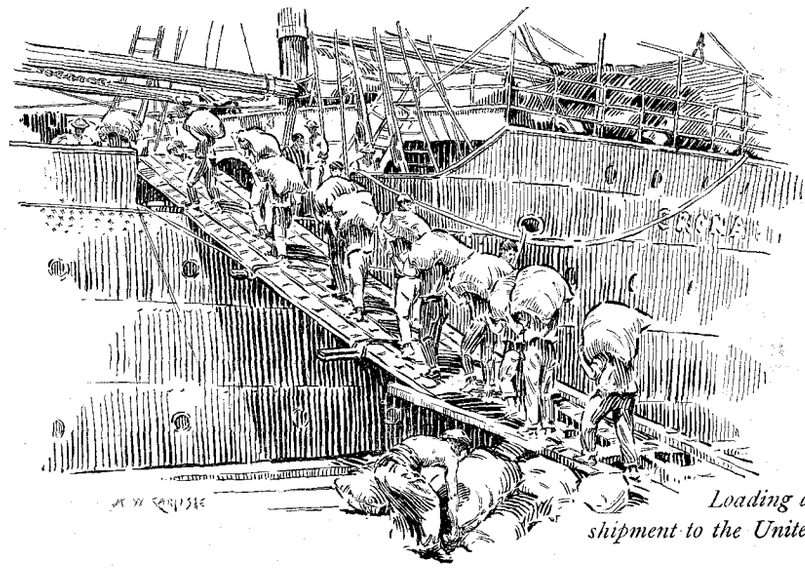
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

It's Up to You

HISTORIANS tell us that Rome conquered Greece, and then fell because the Roman people unsuccessfully attempted to graft Greek ideas and manners on to the tree of Roman civilization. Keen observers of the trend of affairs in this country say that we, who, as a nation glorifying individuality and personal freedom, fought Germany because we abhorred her machine-made civilization and feared what it might do to the world, are now insinuating into our own lives the very things for which we despised Germany most.

Is it true? Many people think it is, and fear for the consequences.

German arms went down to defeat. Can German ideas of



Loading coffee for shipment to the United States

Our Import Trade

THE healthy development of international commerce depends in the final analysis upon the approximately balanced exchange of values—in products, services, or other forms—between the various nations.

American imports are tending more and more to balance exports. More than 15 per cent of the exports of the entire world are purchased by this country.

Outstanding items in our import trade, which this Company helps to finance in large volume for its customers, are sugar from Cuba and the Philippines; coffee from Brazil; silk, rubber, jute, tin, and tea from the Far East; wool from Australia and South Africa; and hides and skins from South America, Europe and Asia.

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The tendency towards a balance in our foreign trade is shown by the following figures giving the favorable trade balances for the years shown:

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Business This Spring

Is business going to be good through the first half of this year? Upon the accuracy with which this question is answered depends the soundness of many decisions you are called upon to make today.

In a recent bulletin of the Harvard Economic Service definite reasons are given for believing that business will improve through the coming months.

This bulletin will be sent you on request, also a booklet, "Scientific Business Forecasting," making clear the business cycle and its use in predicting the trend of industry. The subscription price of the service is $100 a year.

HARVARD ECONOMIC SERVICE

Harvard University Committee on Economic Research

57 Abbot Building
Cambridge, Mass.

government bring about the downfall of the United States of America, as Greek ideas are said to have done in Rome? Specifically, what is referred to is our growing tendency to leave the direction and control of everything to the Government, to accomplish by a multitude of laws, ordinances, rules, and regulations what our own consciences and intelligence should tell us are the proper things to do.

Apply this thought to investments. Among the more than two million Federal, State, and municipal laws and ordinances there are scores having to do with the issuance and sale of securities. "Blue sky" laws are passed to prohibit the marketing of fake bonds and stocks; we try to insure our people against bad investments by introducing bills in Congress and in the State Legislatures; statutes tell the stock exchanges how to conduct their affairs; penalties are prescribed for those who offend against the multifarious regulations with which we are hedged about. Some of these measures are undoubtedly necessary to punish fraud; but is it possible to gain the end we have in view by such methods? Is it any more possible to make wise investors of our citizens by passing laws than it is to make them patriotic citizens by passing a law telling them they must be patriotic? It doesn't sound reasonable.

What does sound reasonable is that we have the cart before the horse. Teach us that it is unprofitable to buy worthless securities, and it will soon be unprofitable to offer worthless securities for sale. Teach us that it is unprofitable to speculate in Wall Street, and speculation will speedily disappear. Laws won't put an end to these abuses. But intelligence and education will.

It must be admitted that whether or not those people are right in their contention than an attempt to control all our lives and actions by laws is a menace to our civilization, control by such a method is the popular brand with us to-day. And all such efforts fail to take cognizance of the fact that the man who sells fake stocks—or even doubtful stocks—is going to keep right on selling just as long as he can find a market for his wares. What does he care for law? Take away his market, and automatically he disappears; but passing laws will not accomplish this result.

If a man comes to your front door and offers to sell you a lawn-mower, you may be interested. Perhaps you have never owned a lawn-mower, and, as the season is approaching when the need for one will arise, you think it might be well to buy one. You ask to see what he has to offer.

A Success Habit

TO BUILD up a surplus invested in safe bonds should be a common ambition. For the average man it is the surest way to make progress financially.

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He says he hasn't got one with him, that, as a matter of fact, the particular make he is selling isn't yet on the market, but he can assure you it will be an excellent machine, and he would like to take your order for future delivery. The chances are he doesn't make a sale. People like to see lawn-mowers before they purchase them—which is only prudent. People like to take a ride in a car before they buy it; they want to examine the engine, and convince themselves that they are getting the kind of car they want and need. That too is prudent. On the other hand, people will buy stock in a lawn-mower or automobile manufacturing company before the factories have turned a wheel, or without any real investigation of the projects or the men behind them. We know of no law preventing a salesman from offering stock in a company which has its being only in the future. On the other hand, there is no good reason why any one should purchase stock in such a concern. Statistics show that out of every seven new enterprises undertaken, six fail; the odds, therefore, are overwhelmingly against an investment in a new company being profitable. Should we have laws to prevent people from buying such securities, or should they think about it a moment and figure it out for themselves?

Laws, in our opinion, will never free the uninformed and inexperienced investor from the danger of loss. We venture to say that there are enough laws on the statute-books right now to give him all the protection he needs, if laws could protect. They help, of course, and through their operation many a crooked

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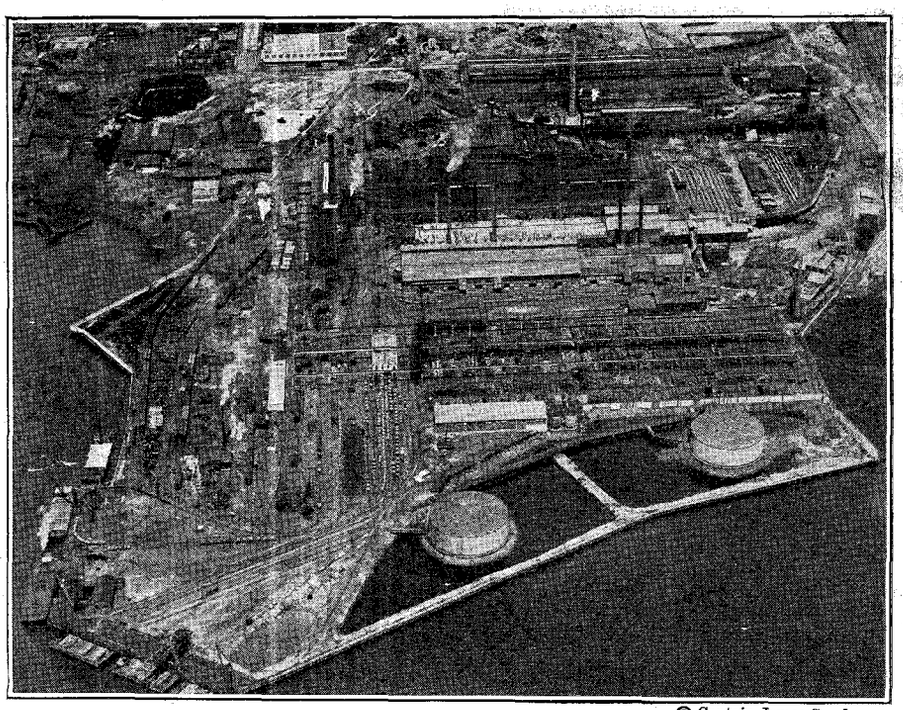
promoter has been brought to justice. Sad to relate, however, all the money he has taken in is usually gone by the time he gets there, and, though his victims may derive a certain amount of satisfaction from seeing an evil-doer punished, that does not return their lost dollars to them.

We referred to these unfortunate people as *his* victims. But are they? Aren't they victims of their own folly? Perhaps it is a fact that we do depend too much upon rules and regulations and laws for guidance and protection, and do too little thinking on our own account. As a people we are accused of being superficial, particularly in our thinking. We believe this is a just accusation so far as our investments are concerned, and only too frequently we fail to think the thing all the way through. We don't always consider both sides of the question. Naturally, it is pleasanter to let the mind dwell upon profits rather than losses, and in most undertakings of life we are strong believers in optimism. In investing money, however, we are inclined to think it is better to look on the dark side; find out all the unfavorable as well as the favorable things there are to know. It isn't wise to buy securities on faith, or merely because you are imbued with hope, unless you wish to become an object of charity. And don't think the law of the land is going to save you from foolish investments. You yourself must, in the last analysis, decide for yourself.

It seems to us that in an overwhelmingly large percentage of cases of investments gone wrong the man who loses money has no one but himself to blame. He may have been inexperienced, and he may have been talked into buying by some glib salesman, or through misrepresentation perhaps. The fact remains that any man is silly to buy anything he knows nothing about; that he was not obliged to purchase the stock just because the salesman asked him to; and, finally, he should have checked up on the facts before buying. Isn't it true? And in these days, when almost every progressive bank in the country is engaged in trying to educate the people in its vicinity on the subject of investing and offering them free assistance, there seems small excuse for the man who invests first and investigates later.

Not that it is necessary to have much education in order to safeguard one's self against investment losses. All that is required is a certain amount of curiosity, a definite refusal to be hurried into doing anything without proper consideration, and in case there is any question about the advisability of the step you are con-



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templating, avoid it. Remember that, in the last analysis, "it's up to you."

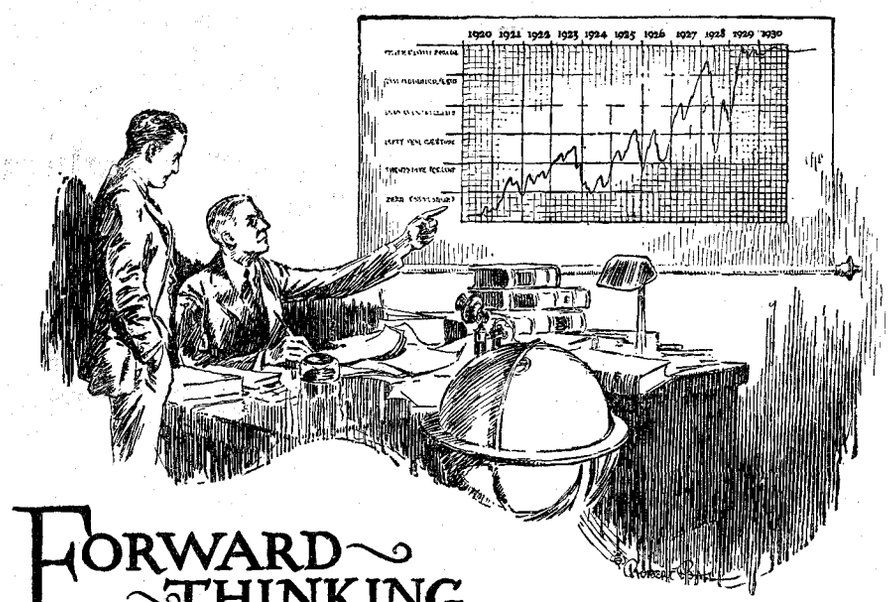
Questions and Answers

Q. I should appreciate it if you would give me a list of bonds which can be bought in $100 denominations, and on which the yield is 6 per cent or better.

A. United States Rubber 5s, due 1947.
Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio 6s, due 1952.
Consumers Power Company 5s, due 1952.
New York Municipal Railway 5s, due 1966.
Philadelphia Company 6s, due 1944.
Great Northern Railway 7s, due 1936.

Q. Would like to get full information regarding value of stocks of the Di Giorgia Fruit Corporation. These stocks, I understand, are being sold in units consisting of one share preferred and three common.

A. The Di Giorgia Fruit Corporation was incorporated in Delaware December 13, 1920, to grow, pack, and transport fruit and to acquire control of companies engaged in a similar capacity. It owns numerous packing-houses, sheds, etc., and either owns or leases a good many thousand acres of fruit land. Ten million dollars of preferred stock is authorized, of $100 par value, and there are 500,000 shares of common authorized, of no par value. The company does not furnish income accounts or other figures necessary to a definite rating of its securities.



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>
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>
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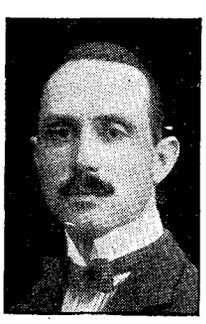
Contributors' Gallery

GEORGE MARVIN'S second article on winter sports at Dartmouth should be of even more general interest than his first, which appeared in last week's issue, if that is possible. Mr. Marvin has had a most interesting and varied career. He has taught English at Harvard University; he has been with the United States Consular Service in China and France; he has been an editorial writer for the New York press, and for many years on the staff of the "World's Work."

MARGARET WIDDEMER has been writing both prose and poetry since early childhood, and has won a high place among her contemporaries. Among her novels are included "The Rose Garden Husband," "Why Not?" "You're Only Young Once," "I've Married Marjorie," and "The Graven Image," her latest volume, published in 1923 by Harcourt, Brace & Co.



BRUNO ROSELLI is a member of the Vassar College Faculty, the head of the Department of Italian, which, due to his efforts, has become one of the largest of its kind in America. His article on Dalmatia is the fourth and last of a series of articles which have described struggles of Albania, Fiume, and Montenegro to keep their places in the sun.

(c) Underwood

CAROLINE DAWES APPLETON, for the past four years a resident of Porto Rico, is keenly interested in the people, their educational, industrial, and political progress, and the processes of Americanization in the island, and has been writing extensively on these subjects.

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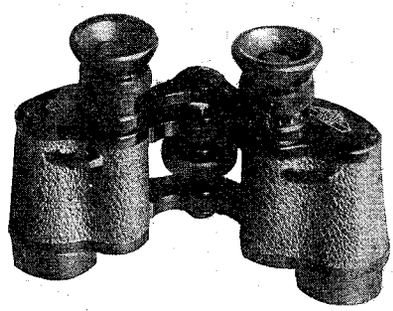

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HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WILL the person who advertised several weeks ago for position as cook without washing or cleaning communicate with me? 4,742, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TEACHER wishes to travel or take charge of foreign business. Speaks and writes fluently Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian. References. 4,736, Outlook.

NURSE, highest credentials, desires engagement after March. Invalid alone or elderly couple, preferably those planning ocean travel. 4,734, Outlook.

Business Situations

EXECUTIVE, experienced woman desires position as manager of hotel or club. Catering and buying a specialty. Understanding all details management. 4,720, Outlook.

POSITION as manager or assistant manager of tea room by lady of unusual executive ability. Has had actual experience and is graduate of well-known training school. Additional information and references on request. Would consider house having sleeping-rooms besides tea room. 4,733, Outlook.

LADY with executive ability, institution and school experience, desires position as supervisor in cafeteria or institution. 4,743, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COLLEGE junior. Companion-tutor to boy during summer. Mathematics, languages. Will travel. 4,722, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY, wishing to make change, wants position in either hotel or institution as caterer and manager. Ten years' experience. First-class references. 4,726, Outlook.

YOUNG American woman, educated abroad, experienced traveler, knows French and German, conversant with art galleries, museums, and musical centers, will travel with family as companion and courier, or chaperon small select party. Thoroughly capable and obliging. References. 4,737, Outlook.

COMPANIONSHIP of refined Christian couple enjoying country is offered lady or gentleman of means living alone on country place, New York or New England. Have car and radio. Mutual yearly arrangement. References exchanged. 4,731, Outlook.

COMPANION or mother's helper by refined, adaptable woman. References. 4,740, Outlook.

NURSERY governess or companion, German, English, well recommended, desires position, now or later, traveling preferred. 4,741, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

REFINED American nursery governess. Thorough experience with children. Highest references. 4,713, Outlook.

FRENCH conversation guaranteed twenty lessons. Parisienne. Visiting governess. English, German. Pianist, kindergartner. Murray Hill 10490.

GOVERNESS or nursery governess desires position. Normal graduate. Experienced teacher and governess. Protestant. References. One child in suburbs preferred. Isabella Skinner, 5618 North Third St., Philadelphia. Phone: Wyoming 2379 J.

SUMMER tutoring, chaperonage for girls, by well qualified American young woman at New Haven, Conn. 4,730, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

COLLEGE woman, in her home, boards children. Best care. Sent to good public school, coached, or tutored. 4,721, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED—Five or six Christian families, with liberal religious views, high ideals of citizenship, and pioneer spirit to join rural community in fertile valley. Mild climate, beautiful scenery, good water. Poor schools and worse roads. References exchanged. 4,729, Outlook.

HELP WANTED!

ARE YOU in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results.

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By the Way

IN the daily papers a few days ago appeared items about three deceased Presidents of the United States which may interest future historians if, as in these days, they regard no fact as unimportant. One concerned the suit of clothes worn by President Lincoln at the time of his assassination. This blood-stained clothing is said to have been presented as a memento by Mrs. Lincoln to a doorkeeper of the White House. The interest attaching to these memorable relics of the martyred President is indicated by the fact that, though their genuineness has been questioned, they sold at public auction for $6,500.

The other items referred to above concerned the footwear of President McKinley and President Roosevelt. This, it seems, was made by a New York City shoemaker named Buskey, whose skill was so great that he won patronage from prominent men in all parts of the country. He preserved as precious mementoes, to the time of his death, the lasts from which the shoes of the two Presidents named were made.

As President Lincoln's clothes were sometimes made the subject of ridicule by contemporary caricaturists, our readers may be interested, in connection with the foregoing paragraph, in the following "item" which appeared in the Springfield (Illinois) "Journal" in the early part of the year 1861:

> We had the pleasure yesterday of inspecting the magnificent suit of clothes which has been in course of preparation for Mr. Lincoln since his visit to Chicago. It is manufactured by merchant tailors in Chicago and consists of a dress coat, pants, vest, and cravat. The coat is of the best cloth that can be bought in the country and made up with a taste and in a style that cannot be bought in any country. The pants are of the best and finest black cassimere; the vest of the finest grandiere silk and lined with buff goods of the same kind. The whole was presented to Mr. Lincoln with the following inscription: "To Hon. Abraham Lincoln from A. D. Titsworth, Chicago, Ills.," which is beautifully worked on the inside of the coat collar.

Surnames that are identical with common nouns sometimes lead to misunderstandings. Two men were speaking recently of cheap trips around the world, and one of them quoted what he thought was a cheap price—$785. "Why," said the other man, "I heard of one much cheaper. There is a line in New York that will send you around the world, I hear, for a dollar." There is the Dollar Line, to be sure, which advertises a round-the-world tour, but it gets its name from Robert Dollar, president of the line, and its name does not indicate the price of passage on its steamers.

From the London "Daily News:"

Bridegroom, at wedding service—"With all my goodly words I thee endow."

Meenister (to an irreverent worshiper)—"That young man has evidently sold his birthright for a pot of message."

Wife—"What's that strange instrument?" Husband—"It's a one-finged striddle."

Varied are the idiosyncrasies of personal managers, those individuals who sometimes hire a man because they like the shape of his jaw or the color of his eyes, or who give a job to a woman because her hair is not bobbed or because it is; but one employer, according to the New York "Herald," has hit upon an idea which he thinks is unique in helping to pick out applicants for positions.

"I have two doors in my office," says he. "One is marked 'Pull,' the other 'Push.' When the interview is concluded and the applicant told to call next day for final decision, only those who use the door marked 'Push' are considered."

From nurses' exams, as quoted by the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

Question: Name the complications of diphtheria.

Answer: The complications of diphtheria are drinking out of the same glass or eating with the patient.

Question: What is a unit of diphtheria antitoxin?

Answer: The amount of toxin that will kill in three days a guinea-pig weighing 250 pounds.

Among the many letters received in answer to the conundrum published in this column in our issue of February 20 were two that seem to "match up." One thanked us for publishing the conundrum, as it furnished pleasant cogitation during sleepless hours to a sufferer from insomnia. The other quotes another conundrum, unguessed by our correspondent, which may amuse the insomniac, as well as others, in the effort to solve it:

My first we cannot live without;
By day and night 'tis used.
My second is, by all accounts,
By day and night abused.
My whole is never seen by day
And never used by night;
'Tis loved by friends when far away,
But hated when in sight.

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